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SONG BOOK

1927



1957

18th Fighter Bomber Wing

KADENA AIR BASE
OKINAWA

- F O R E W O R D -

This Song Book was the property of the 18th Pursuit Group of the pre-World War II period. It has been reproduced from the original in the interest of our unit esprit de corps which, in the past, has rarely been equalled. The original Song Book was loaned to the 18th Fighter Bomber Wing by Major General Kenneth P. Bergquist, Director of Operations, Headquarters USAF who, as a Captain, was Operations Officer of the 18th Pursuit (later Fighter and Fighter Bomber) Group from June to February 1941, and Commander of the 44th Pursuit (later Fighter and Fighter Bomber) Squadron from 27 February to 3 October 1941. Captain (now Lieutenant General, Retired) Roger M. Ramey, former Commander of Fifth Air Force, was Executive Officer of the 18th at that time.

Other songs and poems at the rear of the book were accumulated from various sources as representing a more recent era, and will, no doubt, be more readily recognizable to airmen of the present. The addition is by no means all inclusive. Where there **is no music to the poems**, recourse to a Tin Pan Alley hopeful is recommended.

It is my hope that you - the officers and men of the 18th Fighter Bomber Wing - will read this book from cover to cover, and that you will discover in it some of the valuable heritage and popular history of your predecessors in the Wing. This history has been accumulating for thirty years, in which the Wing has garnered more than its share of honors in two wars and has, in times of peace, efficiently prepared other men for the coming conflicts. These songs are a part of that heritage; the words were born of the ingenuity of its personnel. Be they humorous, sentimental or sad, or even tinged with good-natured vulgarity, it is hoped that we shall hear these songs loud and long at such times as fighter pilots, maintenance and supply men, and administrative personnel get together for the time-honored American Old-fashioned bull session.

Robert C. Orth

ROBERT C. ORTH

Colonel USAF

Commander

1 January 1957

- F O R E W O R D -

This compilation of Air Corps Songs is an attempt to fill a long felt need. By searching available resources and through contributions of individuals, we have collected herein a number of songs written during the World War No. 1 and thereafter at different times and under various circumstances.

Many of the verses are well known. Others are not. The music for most of the verses is not included but all render themselves adaptable to some well known air. Appearing also are a number of songs of other services, well known for their melodies and usually rendered by all service "Barber Shop Quartets" at about 2300 on Saturday nights.

We are grateful to all contributors and express our appreciation to the Order of Daedalians ("Songs of the Army Flyers") and to the authors of "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me", from which song books many of the verses herein were taken. The contributors listed are not necessarily the authors of the verses. To the unknown authors we therefor express our indebtedness. We are most appreciative of the "pick and shovel" work of Lieutenants P. Smith and G. L. Wertenbacker, S/Sgt. J. H. Balster, and Corp. N. J. DeBoer in the preparation of this song book. It is hoped to improve it by adding other songs. Any contributions contributing to this will be gratefully received.

Air Corps tradition is predicated upon meeting grave and difficult situations with light hearts and high spirit; upon viewing possibilities of sudden death with detachment and levity. It is a tradition which carries us through trial and tribulation to ultimate successful accomplishment. That tradition is expressed in songs of the Air Corps. We hope that, by the compilation of this group of songs, we have contributed our little bit to the esprit de corps and traditions of the Air Corps.

For the Officers and Men of the 18th Pursuit Group:

K. N. Walker,
Major, Air Corps,
Commanding.
20 June 1940.

(Note: This book is not for sale and is not to be sold)

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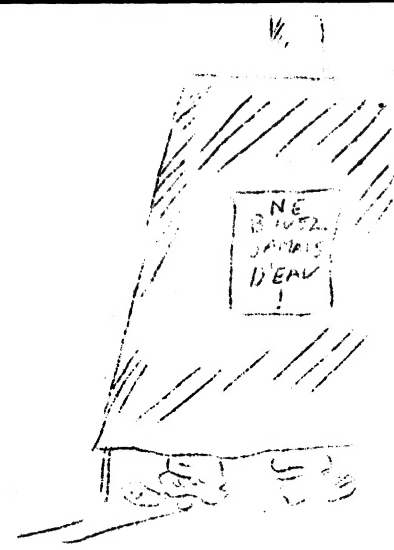
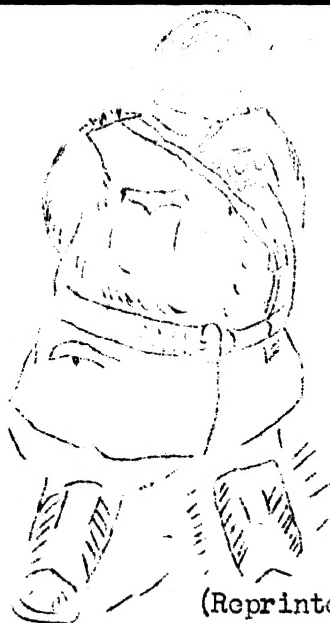
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FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

It is a well known fact that the Air Service (flying personnel, Ki-wis and others) made a considerable hit with whatever ladies were present. Infantrymen will say, "No wonder, the aviators weren't bothered by the war particularly. They had to spend their time doing something. With the trick uniforms. Once in front of the Air Service Headquarters at 445 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, France, a group of American Aviators found themselves saluting a General. The General was a very well-known American and famous for his hard-boiled manner. He gave the pilots one look. Their uniforms nearly caused him heart-failure.

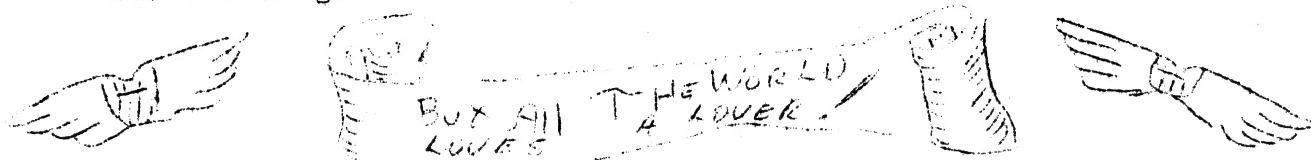
"What Army do you belong to?" he roared.

"The United States Army, Sir," answered one informative young Second Lieutenant.

"Well," continued the General, "I'll be God-damned if you'd ever know it from the uniforms you're wearin'."

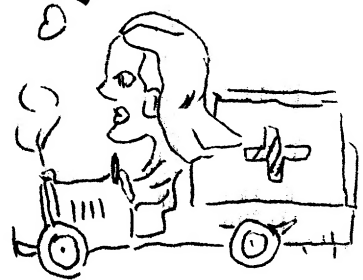
In every community there are a few folks who know the "only authentic version" of "Frankie and Johnnie". Avoid them! Under certain conditions (particularly when crossed in an argument) they become violent. The Army versions noted below lack quite a lot of the Rabelaisian verve found in the original. For, according to the "authentic" St. Louis ballad, Frankie was a simple lady of the streets, living in a "crib house with only two doors", who gave all she earned to Johnnie, who in turn spent it on some of his other sweethearts, thereupon two-timing Frankie. "He was her man and he done her wrong," etc.

As in the case of most songs of the olden days, Frankie and Johnnie (we are told) dates back to 1850; the lyrics are of necessity quite sad. Folks, it seems (in the olden days), wanted to know about the poor little dead baby, or the murdered lover, or the husbandless wife, or about the wrongs men do women, etc. In practically every version of "Frankie and Johnnie" someone gets bumped off and in the 45th verse, the moral is brought out, namely, "There ain't no good in men," 'cause "he was her man and he done her wrong."



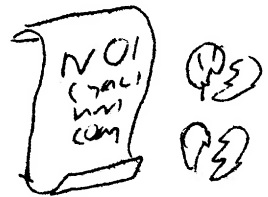
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.
They were both making the war!
Frankie, she knew her sweet Johnnie,
And she didn't trust him
So far. She was his gal,
But she done him wrong.



Frankie, she worked for the Red Cross,
Johnnie, he flew in the Air.
When Frankie and Johnnie went walkin',
Soldiers said, "Man, what a pair!"
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Orders said Frankie and Johnnie
Should not be together no more,
Then Frankie was 'fraid her sweet Johnnie
Would do her as others before
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.



There was a Colonel who wanted Frankie,
Wanted her for his own girl.
And when he popped her the question,
He gave her a necklace of pearl,
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.



Johnnie knew then why the order
Kept him and Frankie apart,
So with his hard shootin' sidearm
The Colonel was shot through the heart
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.



So Frankie, she got a new pilot,
A pilot who knew how to love.
They swore they'd be true to each other,
As true as the stars up above,
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.



Poor Johnnie went off to the prison
And carried a ball and a chain,
because he had bumped off the Colonel,
For tryin' to pick up his Jane.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

There was another "Johnnie and Frankie" dirgo, known to us at the
"Day Bomber's Lament". It was about two fine young American aviators
who were caught in a D.H.4, known to the great common people of the U.S.
as the Liberty plane.

Frankie and Johnnie were bombers,
Oh, my God, how they could bomb.
Frankie, he had a Croix de Guerre,
And Johnnie, he had the Palm.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.



Frankie, he flew in a D.H.,
'Twas just a damned flying hoarse,
Sent 'em over to the A.E.F.,
'Cause they didn't have nothin worse
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie sat up in his Fokker,
Fokker was built to fly.
Heinie pulled back on the joy-stick,
And she reared right up in the sky.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

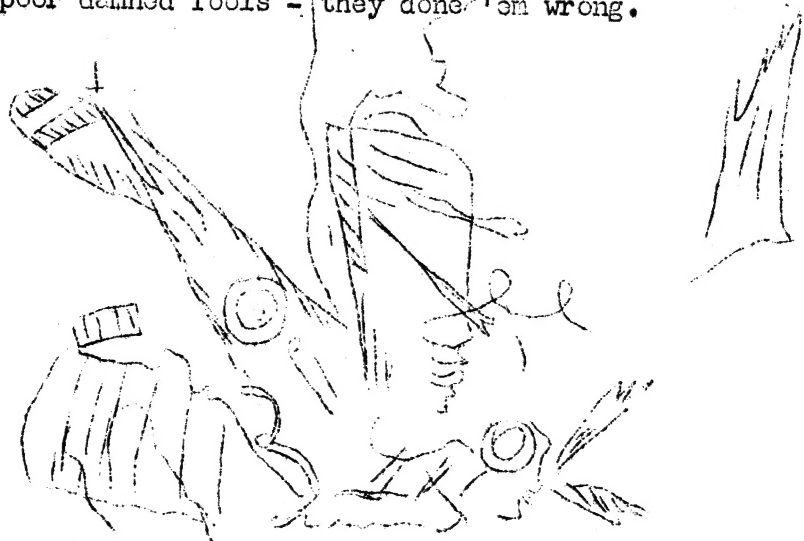
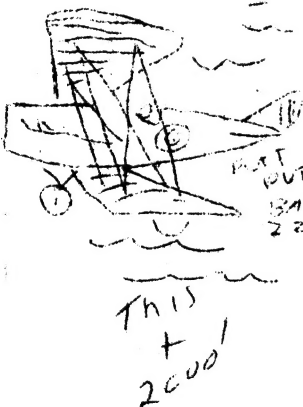
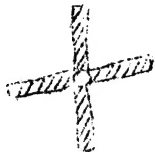
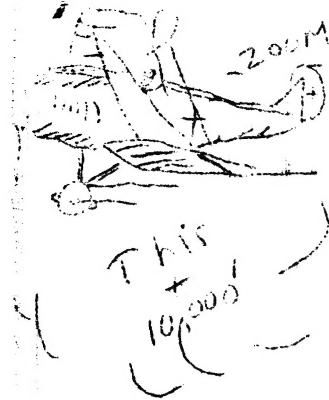
Heinie slid South over Conflans,
Some nice easy meat to spy,
'Till way down below he saw the D.H.,
A slowly flop-floppin' by.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie nosed down on the D.H.
His guns, they went tick, tick, tack,
And the second burst of his Spandau,
Caught Johnnie square in the back.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Frankie, he turned to Johnnie,
And he said, "shoot man",
But Johnnie was up at the Pearly Gates,
A-hearin' the Angels toot.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie dove straight on the D.H.
And he held the trigger back,
'Till the D.H. whirled in a cloud of smoke,
And the smoke was mighty black.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Forty-seven flea-bitten Heinies
and one burlap sack,
Carried Frankie and Johnnie to the bonoyard,
And they aint a-comin' back.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.





"LONG WAY TO HICKAM FIELD"

(Tune - "Long Way to Tipperary")

(Words by Lt. G.L. Wertenbaker)

It's a long way to Hickam Field, Boy;
 It's a long way to go.
 It's a long way down to the Bombers,
 To the strangest place I know.
 There's no pursuit there, I mean at Hickam;
 All Bombers on the line.
 So We'll have to shelve our loops and our snaprolls
 'Till some other time.





"BOMBED LAST NIGHT"

(Tune - "Drunk Last Night") (From - "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

Bombed last night,
 Bombed the night before,
 Gonna get bombed tonight,
 If we never get bombed no more.

When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be.
 Oh, God damn the bombin' planes from Germany.
 They're over us,
 They're over us,
 One dug-out for the four of us,
 Glory be to God there are no more of us,
 'Cause one of us could fill it all alone.



"'Twas Friday Morn"

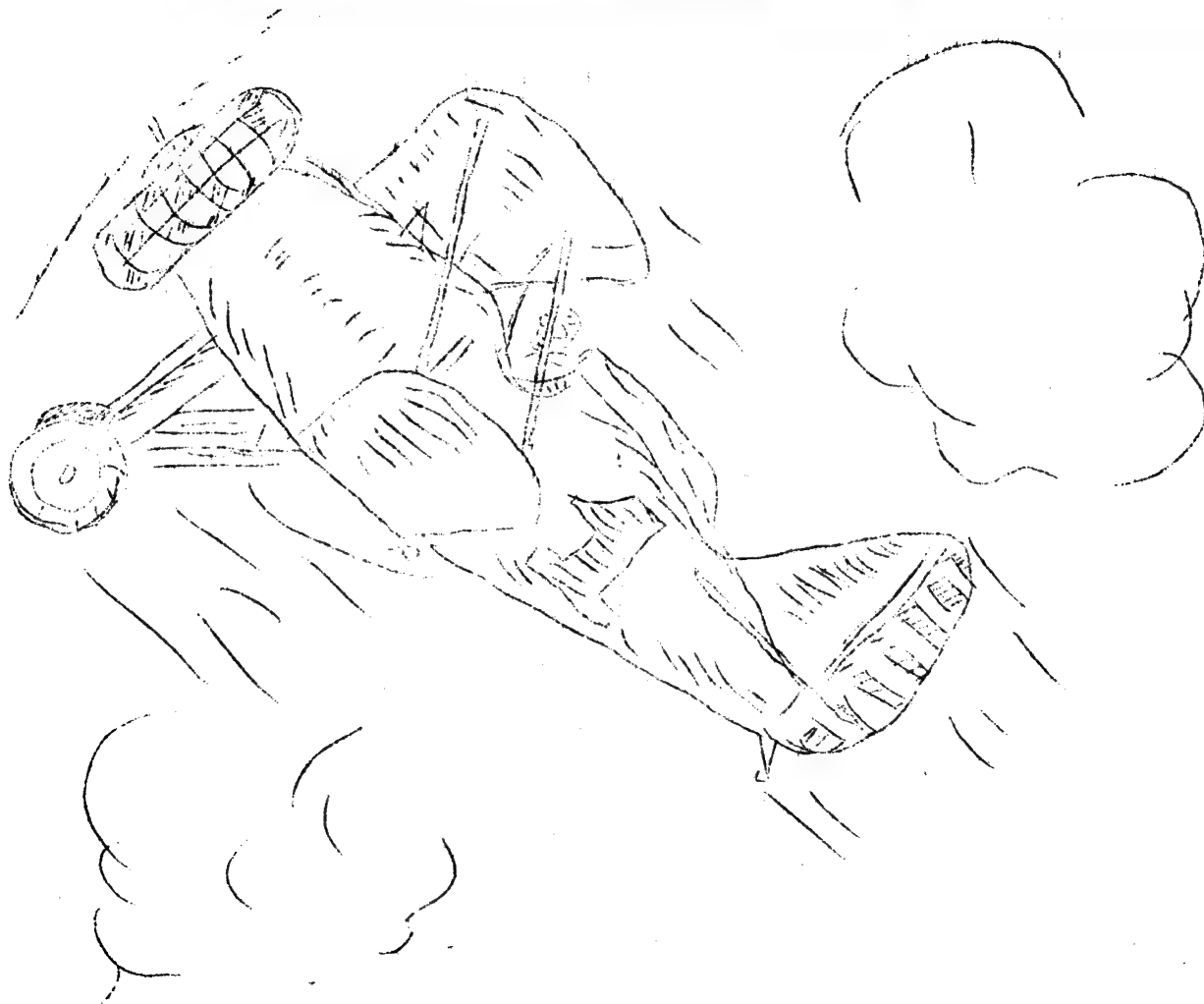
(Tune - 'Twas Friday Morn")

(Words by Lt. P. Smith)

'Twas Friday morn, when we took off
 In the midst of a dawn mirage.
 Then the Captain spied some Hickam Bombardiers
 All pink and grey concefflage.

CHORUS:

Oh, the B-18's may roar, may roar
 For very soon they'll be no more,
 'Cause we peashooters are climbing to the sky,
 To dive on the Bombers down below, below, below -
 To dive on the Bombers down below.



THE FIRST PURSUIT

(Tune - "I'm a Rambling Wreck")

(Contributed by Capt. R.M. Ramey)

When I was but a little lad,
My Mother, she said to me,
"Listen to me, my son, my lad,
And you will eventually see.
Stay away from those Bombardment Groups,
The Observation, too.
Just strap a P-1 on your---;
It's the First Pursuit for you."

Nose down, wide out.
Pull her up in a zoom.
We'll get on your tail;
You'll fall down and go boom!

I like my women crooked
And I'll take my whiskey clear.
I'm a member of the First Pursuit,
And a hell of a guy for beer.

I HAVE TAKEN THE AIR/S I FOUND IT

(Tune - Kipling's "The Ladies") (Contributed by Major Kenneth N. Walker)

I have taken the years as I have found them;
 I have looped and rolled in my time.
 I have had some grand old cross-countries,
 And most of the lot, they were fine.
 But the end of it all, it were sudden.
 I woke in a hospital bare,
 With the echos of borrowed time
 Doing wing-overs in the air.
 Now I have taken my fun where I have found it.
 But now I must pay for my fun.
 For the hours you spend in the sky jazzing
 Must be paid for one by one.
 The doctors rebuilt my expression;
 My walk is painful to see;
 So be warned by my lot,
 Which I know you will not,
 And learn about flying from me.



MEMORIES



Tune - "I Love You Truly")

(Words by Lt. G.L. Wertenbaker)

Over the clouds, lads;
 Come, we will go.
 We have the spirit;
 We'll show the foe.

Some will return,
 And only they can tell,
 Which went to Heaven
 And which went to Hell.

or, well - you know!

THE INSTRUCTOR'S LAMENT

(Contributed by Major Kenneth N. Walker)

1. When you give her the gun,
Don't try to zoom,
For in the graveyard below you
There is plenty of room.

CHORUS:

I don't want anymore flying;
I want to stay on the ground.

2. When you're close to the ground,
Don't try vertical eights,
For they'll ship you away
In yellow pine crates.
3. When you give him the stick
Be sure you're high,
For most of those cadets
Don't know ground from the sky.
4. When you're up in the air,
Pray he don't freeze the stick,
For some of the ground
Is mighty damn thick.
5. Have your ship inspected
By a First Class Sarge;
Or you will wear silver handles
On your fuselage.
6. You'll hear the guy
Who'll say, without turning a hair,
"Why, my friend,
"I've had 10,000 hours in the air!"

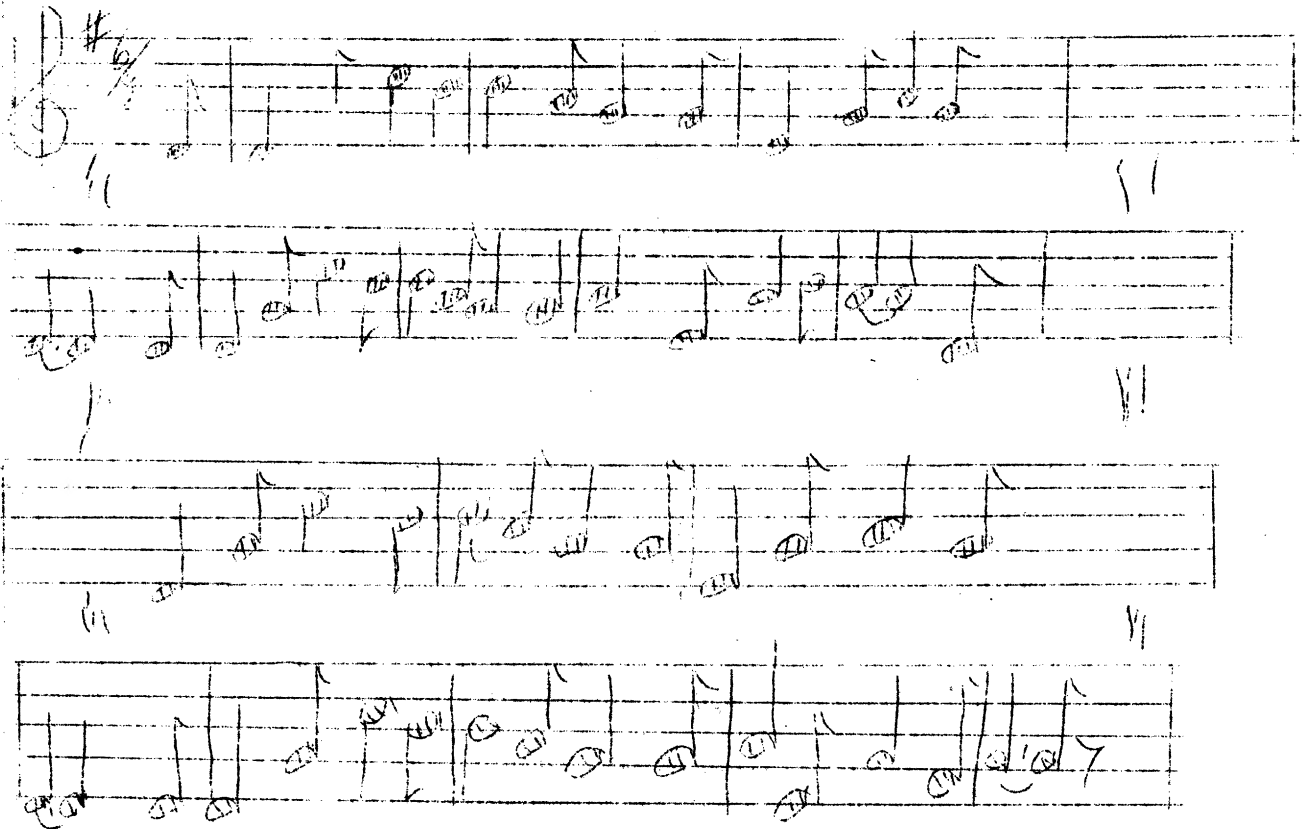
say, instructor, would you kindly pull back on the stick
just a bit BEFORE YOU BUST THE
DAMN THING ALL TO HELL!!!



TERRA FIRMA

BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

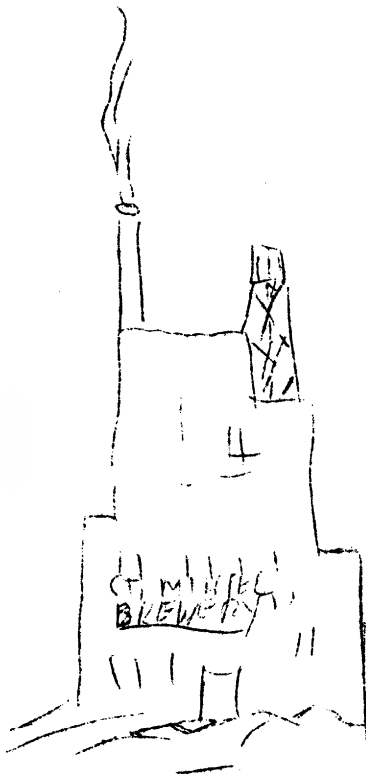
(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
They souse there every night;
Where cocktails grow on crab-apple trees,
And everyone stays tight.
Where bugles never blow at all,
Where no'one winds the clocks,
And drops of Johnnie Walker
Come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off,
But as he passed away,
We saw his lips were moving,
"My friends, it was this way:
The God darned motor wouldn't hit,
The struts were far too few,
A tractor hit the gas tank
And the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where motors always run,
Where house-wives hand out juleps
And pilots grow a bun.
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals,
And not a bloody, flamin' four
And absinthe frappes. cool and stout,
Are served at every store.



tors who flew some time with Italian Air Service, first at Foggia, and later on the Piave.

In the second verse, the reference made to the dive of the Fokkers brings to mind the inability of the Nieuports and other ships used by Allied forces to out-dive the German planes. The Nieuports often stripped the canvas off the entering edges of their tip wings in a vertical dive and thus, we lost many good pilots.

In the third verse, the Ki-wi (pronounced Keewee) is a non-flying aviator Officer, sometimes called a ground-hog. (See the "Ki-wi Song".)

In the fourth verse, one finds the worst advice an aviator ever received. If a pilot wants to get killed, let him fly low and slow. High and fast is the only safe way of flying so far discovered.

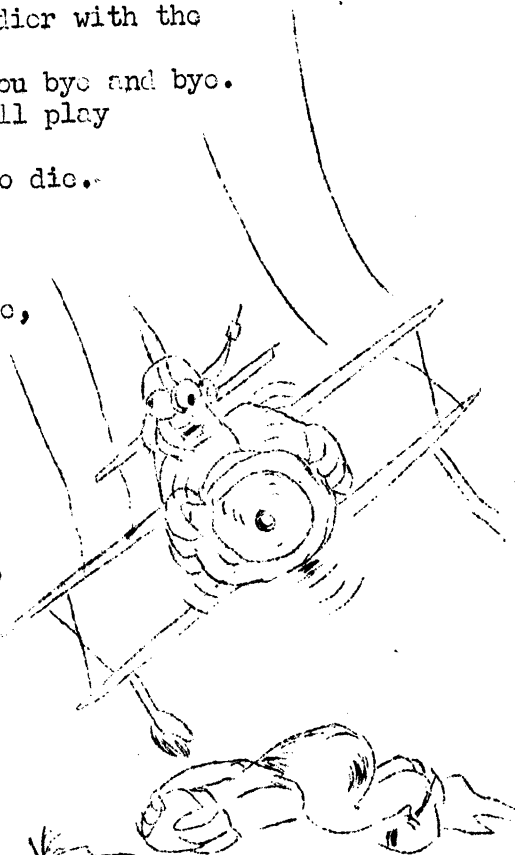
To be sung very solemnly and to be remembered every time some wild flying idea is advanced by a non-flying enthusiast.

1. Oh, I am a jolly pilote.
I land like a galloping geese.
My motor barks like a coyote;
My wings and my wires are loose.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't fool the soldier with the
shovel and the spade
For percentages will get you bye and bye.
Then lady luck, I fear, will play
Tricks on you, old dear,
And the jolly pilote has to die.

2. I know I ain't got a chance,
When the Fokkers start to dive,
And when the Archies make me dance,
I know I'll not come out alive.
3. Now if I was a Ki-wi,
With flyin' pay to boot,
I wouldn't give a peewee,
Who those songs-a-shoot.
4. Now when I joined up for the air,
Mama said, "If you must go,
Save me the worry and care,
By flying low and slow."



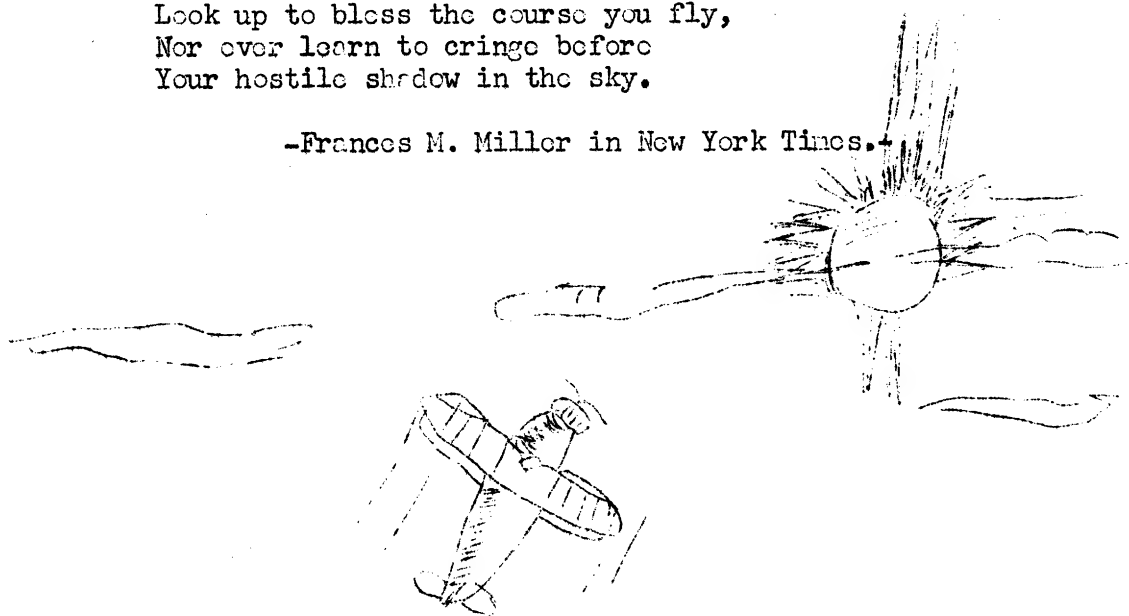
AN AIRMAN'S HYMN

When the last long flight is over,
And the happy landing's past,
And my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up's come at last,
I'll swing her nose to the ceiling,
And I'll give my crate the gun.
I'll open her up, and let her zoom
For the airport at the sun.

And the great God of flying men
Will smile at me sort of slow
As I store my crate in the hangar
On the field where fliers go.
Then I'll look upon His face,
The Almighty flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross.

Above the tremors of the world,
The black morass of greed and hate,
Your wings of silver are unfurled
Where the clean winds of Heaven wait
To bear you on...and when the night
Draws close around your lonely barque,
A million starry candles light
A shining path across the dark.
God grant your ship may ever go
In peace...that you may never rain
A leaden stream of Death and woe
Upon some hapless town or plain.
May folks who hear your friendly roar
Look up to bless the course you fly,
Nor ever learn to cringe before
Your hostile shadow in the sky.

-Frances M. Miller in New York Times.-



A THOUSAND THOUGHTS

(Contributed by Lt. N.W. Worley)

The plane was going down in flames;
I pulled the cord and dropped,
But something happened to the 'chute,
For my descent did never stop.

A thousand thoughts ran through my head
As I began to fall.
I'd had so many scrapes with Death;
Was this to end it all?

I thought of all my childhood days,
And Ma so kind and sweet
In those last few precious seconds
Ere Death I was to meet.

I thought of all those war-time days
When Death I oft did cheat;
I thought of all the struggles
In this life I'd tried to beat.

I thought of (wife's name) waiting,
My adorable little wife,
And all at once I realized
Just how sweet was life.

Just then as I thought it over
That I would crash to the sod,
The 'chute pulled up with a jerk.
Stayed by the Hand of God!

(By an airman before his last hop)

"DON'T SEND MY BOY"

(Contributed by Capt. R.M. Raney)

"Don't send my boy to Princeton,"
The dying Mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Harvard;
I'd sooner see him dead."

"Don't send my boy to Rutgers;
No better is Cornell.
Don't send my boy to Randolph Field;
I'd see him first in Hell!"

"EIGHTEENTH INTERCEPTOR GROUP"

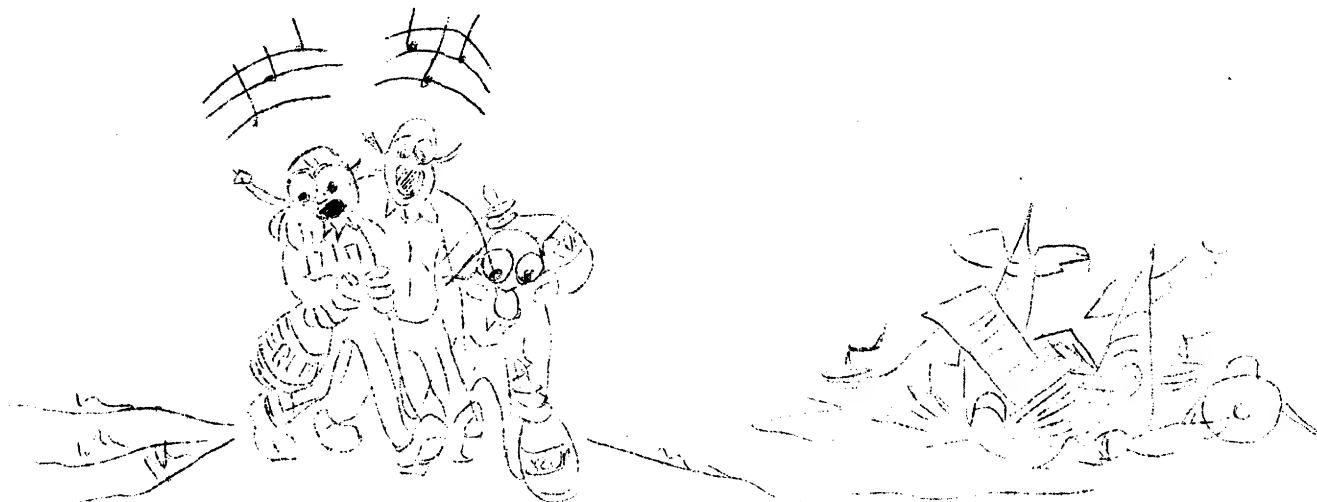
(Words by Lt. P. Smith)

1. Oh, the pilot of the Golden Bug
Is in his cockpit safe and snug.
Is everything all okay-doke?
No, there goes to earth in smoke!

CHORUS:

Away, away, with sword and drum.
Here they come, full of rum,
Looking for something to put on the bum,
The Eighteenth Interceptor Group.

2. Flickinger's a Medical man
Who fiddles around as much as he can.
We have to cough and we have to linger
While he probes with index finger.
3. The 86th, they went too far
In getting that new Chevy car.
The rest of us are just the masses,
But they all can kiss our feet.
4. Hail those Hula maidens shy,
Dark Hawaiian Lovelei.
When our airships lie in wrecks,
There's nothing like a little song.
5. Here's to all brass-hatted cars
Who love to smoke those good cigars.
They pick the place where we shall dwell,
And pick us all by lot - LIKE HELL.



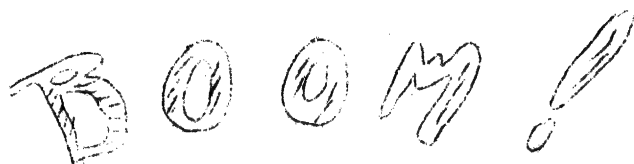


FOGS ABOVE THE CHANNEL

Here is the Air Corps version of the Marine Hymn -
Contributed by Major Kenneth N. Walker.

From the fogs above the channel
To the top peak of the Vosges
We have fought our country's battles,
We have shot down all our foes.
If the Navy and Marine Corps
Even gain to Heaven's shores,
They will find the angels,
Sleeping with the Army Flying Corps.

DA DEL DE DUM DE DUM



MARINE HYMN

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

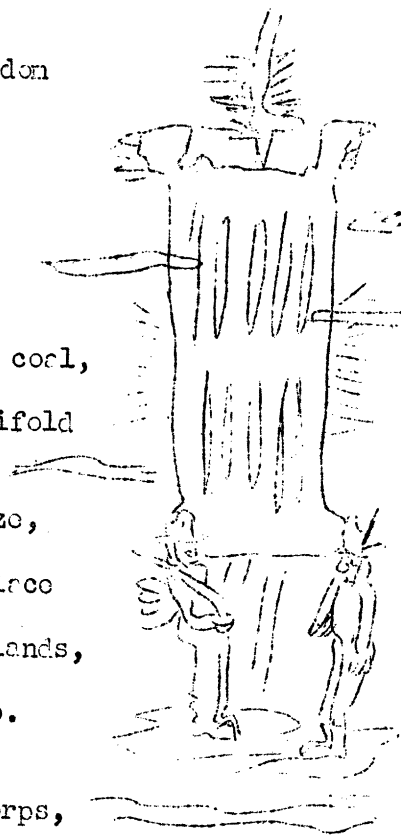
This is the hymn of the U.S. Marine Corps. - as much a part of their regular equipment as the bayonet. It typifies the spirit of men such as the one who got it in the belly - had screamed a bit in spite of himself - and then had spent the rest of the night and most of the next day, dry-mouthed and feverish under a blazing sun, trying to signal a combat patrol or a stretcher bearer. When they finally got him back, his words were, "An, I'll tell the Sergeant that we'd never o' been caught by them flea-bitten goddam-ed storm troops if the advance could 'a' kept up with us. Godamighty, what's the good 'o' combat training if the other people don't know the same tricks you do?"

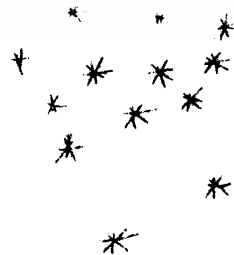
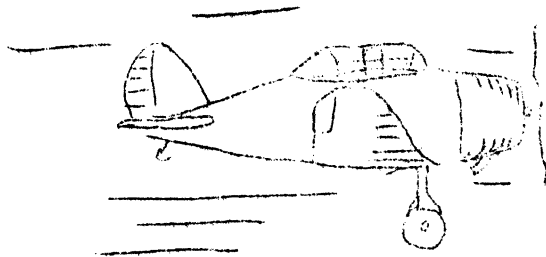
From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli
We fight our countries' battles
On the land and on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean.
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines.

From the post hole of Cabite,
To the ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of Marines. That's what we are.
We're the watch-dogs of a pile of coal,
Or we dig a magazine.
Though our job lots are quite manifold
Who would not be a marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze,
From dawn to setting sun;
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snows of far off northern lands,
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job.
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we have fought for life,
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
You will find the streets are guarded
By the United States Marines.





'TWAS A WARM SUMMERS' NIGHT

Tune: "The Wreck of Old Ninety-seven) (Words by Lt. W.L. Harker)

'Twas a warm summers night, all the stars shone so bright
And the South wind came rolling up the line.
With a map in his hand of the trip he had planned,
Romberg climbed in his BT-9.

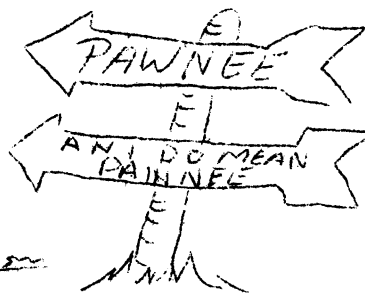
There was a tear in his eye as he took to the sky,
For his way he knew he'd never find
And the thought of the noise that he'd hear from the boys
Haunted his troubled winsome mind.

Oh! that "Nine" hummed a song as he flew her along
And the engine kept purring through her stacks.
Then he whispered a prayer way up there in the air,
Praying he'd find some railroad tracks.

Then he buzzed o'er a hill and his young heart stood still
For Austin was shining in his face.
Now he was bound for Pawnee; so it's easy to see
That somehow he wasn't in his place.

Oh! His young heart was stone as he picked up the phone
And hollered for Randolph-by-the-Sea.
"Sir, I can't find my way, think I'll call it a day;
Just get me back where I belong."

So they directed him home from the course he had flown,
And he ended up by landing off the "Tee".
Now he's getting the "bird", 'cause in case you ain't heard,
"Romberg never found Pawnee."



THE LAST BOUQUET

Gill Robb Wilson

I've flown 'em all from then to now
The big ones and the small.
I've leaped and zoomed and dived and spun
And climbed 'em to a stall.
I've flown 'em into the wind and storm,
Through thunderhead and rain;
And thrilled the folks that watched me roll
My wheels along their train.

I've chased the steers across the range,
The geese from off the bay.
I've flown between the Princeton towers
When Harvard came to play.
I've clipped the wires from public poles,
The blossoms from the trees;
And scared my best friends half to death
With stunts far worse than these.

The rules and codes and zones they form
And not for such as I,
Who, like the great wild eagles, fling
My challenge to the sky,
A bold free spirit charging fierce
Above the fallow land.....
And don't you like these nice white flowers
I'm holding in my hand?



PRIMARY TRAINING IN CHICAGO

(A.C. News Letter)

All the cold weather you get in Texas is unusual down there, but it has travelled 800 miles after passing these latitudes and is beginning to get warmed up by the exterior. We get it here from Canada via Minnesota and Wisconsin, but it is kept fresh on ice all the way down. You have heard it said that this is a different kind of a cold up here and that you don't feel it the way you do down South. That is quite true. The cold up here is fixed so that if you don't get the h... inside of a house or a set of fur-lined clothes on d... fast, you feel nothing at all in a very short time. People kid themselves about different kinds of cold, but you can't kid a thermometer and you can't kid the human epidermis when it comes in contact with the same thing that depresses the thermometer. The only thing that makes cold colder is humidity, and we have had that here in such quantities that the top of the radio was fuzzy when the temperature was around zero. We have carried on operations on several days when the temperature varied between 5 and 10 degrees with the thermometer in the sun on the protected side of the house.

Now I will tell you of some of the cold weather troubles we have had. The cold came rather gradually, as we had a mild Fall. Occasionally some of the students wore face masks, more for appearances than anything else. Then came January the coldest in the history of the Weather Bureau here. The mean temperature for January was 16.2 degrees, and we put in 785 student hours in January with 30 students. As the temperature got lower, I began to be conscious of my face, and frequently became just as pained by it as other people are. Finally we put everything on and even hid our faces in masks, but the cold was still finding us and getting colder with ever wave. We could take it down to almost zero, but when it got that cold we had the following trouble:

We couldn't get a rise out of the oil temperature gauges; they wouldn't even get up to zero, and turning the engine did no good. Wright Field could do nothing for us, so the Engineering Officer suggested that the only hope was to hold lighted matches under the gauges. This had to be discontinued because we had to buy our own matches. Several of the engines caught cold and started sneezing when we tried to start them, then developed chronic coughs which always bothered them (and us) on forced landings. One plane's cough worked down into it's chest, and it had to be confined in the Hangar for fear of pneumonia.

While it never really got too cold for us (?), it did get too cold for the planes. On the coldest day we pushed a few of them out, but they began vibrating even before we could get the motors started. The fabric began to get goose pimples all over it and the planes shivered so violently that the rivets and fittings began to loosen. One plane locked its wheels, poked its nose in the snow and refused to go any further. (For those desiring proof, send 25 cents for picture.)

We had to quit basking the planes for fear they would take more colds. They seemed to respond better to a brisk rub-down with just a dash of Vicks Vaporub added to the gasoline. We are watching them carefully to see that none of them pull their wheels up under the wings to keep them warm. The students seem to fear this also, as they usually touch the wheels to the cold snow a few times when landing before trusting them with the full weight of the plane.

One of the students came in one day and said he noticed the plane turning blue, and he thought maybe it was getting too cold. We showed him that all the other planes were blue also and he felt better about it.

We have found a way to keep the planes flying on all but the coldest morning by borrowing a scheme from the dictators. The Operations Officer announces the official temperature and suppresses all evidence to the contrary. All planes that refuse to accept the official temperature are subject to overhaul.

Of course, not all of our troubles have been with the planes. One student is said to have groped his way back to the field in a blinding snow storm only to find that the snow storm disappeared when he pushed up his frosty goggles. An Instructor is said to have sent a student to see the Flight Surgeon because he thawed on the controls. He was the first student to thaw on the controls in several days; so the instructor thought he might be feverish. Another student up for a check ride was a good-looking lad and failed to wear a face mask, evidently hoping to capitalize on his manly beauty. The supervisor noticed that he began to get pale while he was doing forced landings and decided that he couldn't stand up under pressure, when he suddenly realized the man's face was freezing. Since he was the only good-looking student we had, the supervisor hurried him back to the field, in order to save his beauty for the belles of San Antonio, as he would offer no competition to the Supervisor that far away.

Some of the students who frighten easily are very much disturbed by the face masks, so the Supply Officer requisitioned some masks with a more pleasant expression. For himself he worked out a mask that would change from a smile to a frown by pulling a string. This was for the students who spend most of their time furing a check ride watching the check pilot in the mirror.

The most unfortunate incident we have had occurred one day when the supervisor and the student he was to check both showed up at the plane with masks on. They couldn't tell each other apart and, in the resulting confusion, they got into the wrong seats - the student checked the supervisor and the supervisor was eliminated.

Any California supervisor having any excess temperatures, please forward same to Chicago.



A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

This is possibly one of the glumest songs in the entire Air Service repertoire. Many of the good boys who sang it back in 1918 helped to fill up the passenger list for the graveyards at Issoudun, Tours, Clermont-Ferrand, Cazeau, St. Jean and Foggia. It's rather a mechanical song, but it tells its own story quite well. We might add that it was a prime favorite in the spring of 1927 out on Long Island around the hangars occupied by the ships belonging to Chamberlain, Byrd and Lindbergh. Both pilots and mechanics sang it to a variety of tunes, the original melody being an old standby known as "The Tarpaulin Jacket".

In the "American Songbag", Mr. Carl Sandburg records the Tarpaulin Jacket song, and also a song about a "handsome", but modesty compelled us to refrain from singing about it. However the idea of the song below came from "Wrap me in my Tarpaulin Jacket" although we did not stick to the original tune.

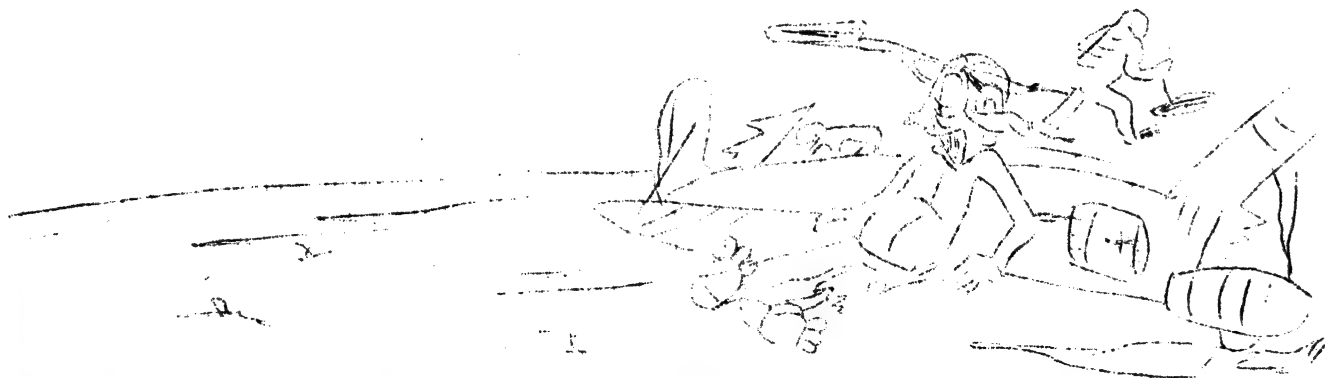
A poor aviator lay dying.
At the end of a bright summer's day.
His comrades had gathered about him
To carry his fragments away.

The airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His Hotchkiss was wrapped 'round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would surely be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket,
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
And then to his wondering comrades,
These brave parting words he did say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck,
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck."

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again."



.....Contributed by Major K.N. Walker

MY WILD-EYED CADET
(My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild-eyed cadet;
He ain't learned nothin' yet.
He noses her down
When close to the ground
My wild-eyed cadet.

He skids on his banks;
If he lives we'll all give thanks.
He lands with one wing low;
I see then marching slow
Behind n...y wild-eyed cadet.

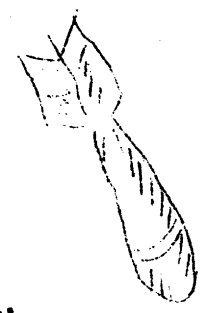


THE BOMBER'S SONG

Come, all of you,
And drink a loving cup
To Bombers one and all!
Drown your sorrows
And forget tomorrows,
For tomorrows never come.
Here's a health to anti-aircraft
Here's a bumper to Pursuit
God bless them.
Come, all of you,
And drink a barrel to
The old bombardment group.

THE FORMATION LEADER

Here's a health to the formation leader,
A jolly good fellow is he.
He uses "Three Star" navigation,
And he flies on bacardi.
Here's a health to wingmen from leaders,
And to the gunner in his turret;
Here's a health to the whole damn formation,
We'll fly with you through Hell.



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY

We loop in the purple twilight,
Spin down in the golden dawn
With the trailing smoke behind us
To show our comrades we've gone.

Stand to your glasses steady.
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a health to dead already,
Let us drink to the next man who dies.

*What ever the contribution, what ever the
idea behind it — it goes to make a
fraternity such as is known no where else
in the world.*

*The Chap who is not enthusiastic over his
new assignment always gets the same answer.
"What's the difference — it's an corps isn't it?"*

THE KI-WI SONG

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

The Ki-wi is said to be an African bird possessing large, serviceable wings, but with neither ability nor willingness to fly. One may easily see the application to non-flying officers in the Air Service.

The other branches of the service never understood why the aviators took such long leaves of absence and so many of them. They wondered why the aviators didn't "get on with the war", perform their mysteries in the upper air, earn their rations. True, we get more leaves than we deserve, but it wasn't always our fault. It was the way of the bloomin' thing. You see, aviator makes his war in short, highly concentrated spurts and then stands abaft, waiting for weather, spare parts, and other necessary flying paraphernalia.

Many of the pilots who made the war with the I.E.F. started their aeronautical careers as flying cadets. And that was an awful background to live down. As cadets we learned almost everything well-disciplined aviators should not know. One unmilitary thing the cadets did was to look upon their Officers as Ki-wis. (Particularly in the beginning was this true of the Air Service. As time passed and Officers of high rank were taught to fly, the Ki-wi situation solved itself.) They made up this song about them, discrediting them, to say the least.

This song should be sung in the rasp-berrying manner - snootily, as 'twere, with a mincing tread and as much of a lisp as possible.

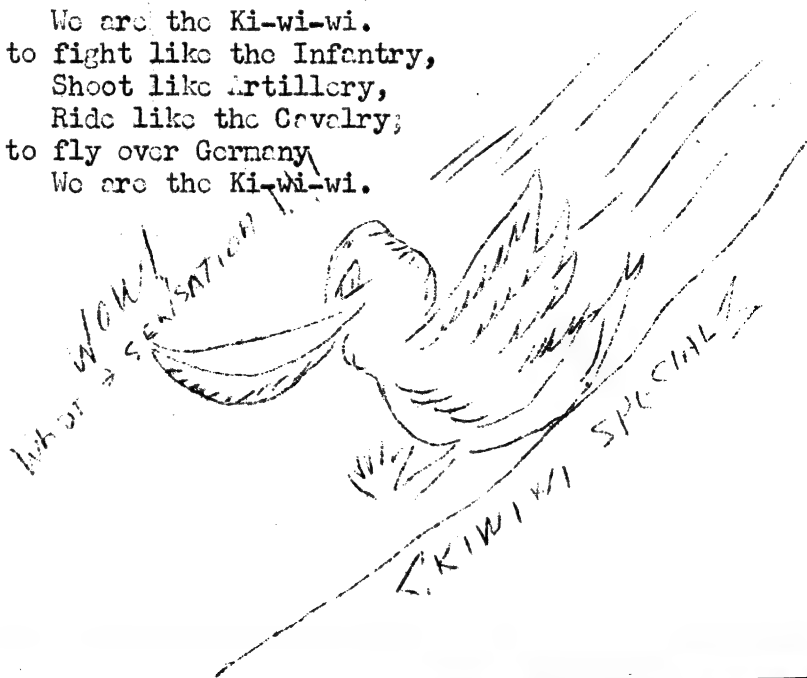
(We have recently been advised by Mr. Charles H. Baker, Jr. that the Ki-wi is an Australian bird, something like the legendary Wahoo bird. We might suggest to Mr. Baker that this, after all, is not a Bird Book.)

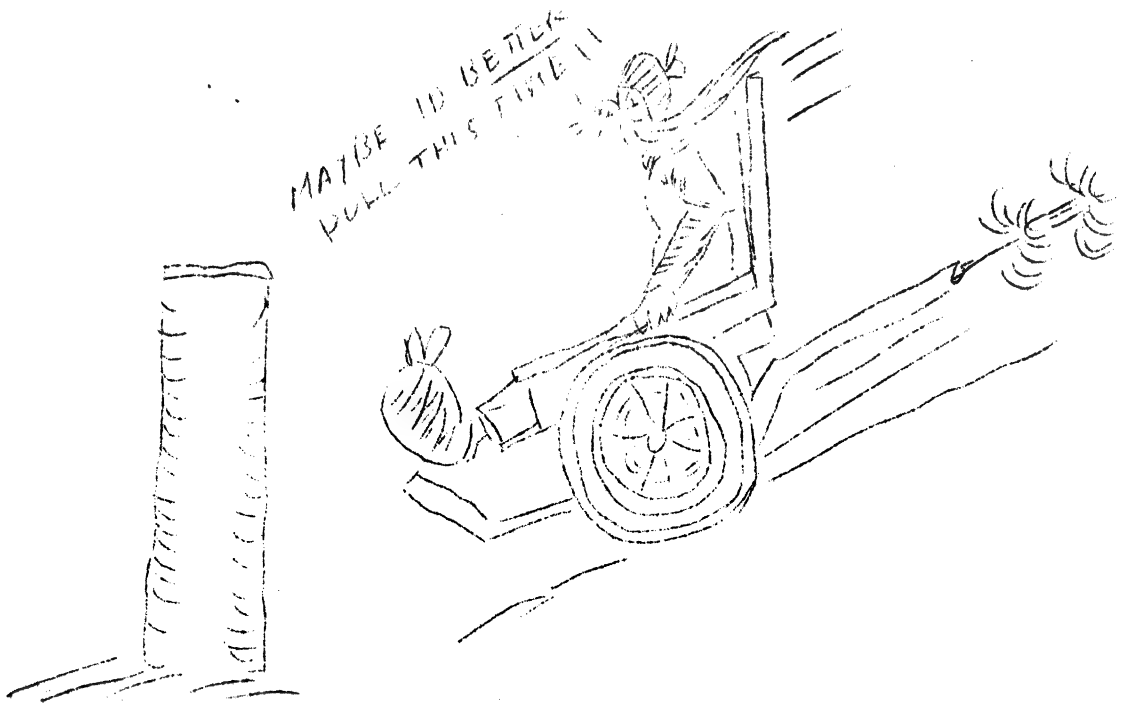
Oh, we don't have to fight like the Infantry
Shoot like Artillery,
Ride like the Cavalry;

Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany.
We are the Ki-wi-wi.
We are the Ki-wi-wi.

Oh, we don't have to fight like the Infantry,
Shoot like Artillery,
Ride like the Cavalry;

Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany.
We are the Ki-wi-wi.





THE OLD PILOT

(Tune - "The Bastard King of England") (Words by Lt. G.L. Wertenbaker)

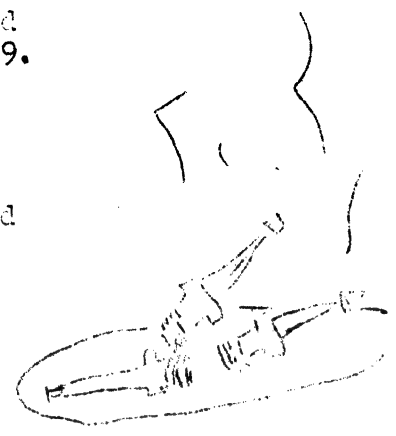
He's a total wreck
With a broken neck.
He owes that to the time
That he pulled instead of pushed
While flying a broken down BT-9.

He's got wooden legs
Put together with pegs.
He still remembers the time
That he pulled instead of pushed
While flying the God damned BT-9.

One eye is glass;
He's got lead in his back.
He visualizes the time
That he pulled instead of pushed
When flying a second-hand BT-9.

He eats spark plugs
For his breakfast,
Has a piston ring for lunch,
And at supper time
He sits down to dine
On valve stems by the bunch.

And we all love him
For all his sin.
Even we remember the time
That we pulled instead of pushed
While flying the BT-9.



CADET LAMENT

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

So far as we can tell, this poem was not set to music (thank heaven). It had a considerable vogue with the American pilots who flew with the British.



I cannot do the old things now
That I've been used to do.
I'm all smashed up from doing stunts,
And so must keep from view,
In doing tailspins near the ground,
I lost my nerve for sport,
I am not good for anything
One leg's a trifle short.
In flying upside down one day
I turned the wrong direction:
So to the hospital I was sent,
For rest and for correction.
For flying at high altitude,
My life is quite undone;
My pressure gauge is smashed and bent,
And I have lost a lung.
Up in a tree there hangs a wing,
And on the ground a wheel,
While on the struts there roasts an arm,
That has no power to feel.
I left a wishbone in the grass,
And broke my collar-bone;
The Major saw the ship and swore,
In purple rage he said,
"We cannot have these ships smashed up!"
In kindness keep my girl away,
Nor even send a rose,
I haven't any sense of smell,
I've lost my only nose.
Please tell the folks at home I'm dead,
And send to them my pension;
And you cadets take heed to this,
And from me learn prevention.



"YEA VERILY!"

(Contributed by Lt. P. Smith)

1. As the telephone operator who giveth the wrong numbers, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.
2. He shall enlarge upon the danger of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.
3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest thou become exceeding careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well-being.
4. My son, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1,500 cubits nor stunt above thine own domicile. For the hand of the law is heavy; it reacheth far and wide throughout the land.
5. Incur not the wrath of the flight commander by breaking the rules; for he who maketh right hand circuits shall be cast into outer darkness.
6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch both tail-skid and wheels to the earth at one time than he who loopeth and rolleth until some demented steroth in amazement at his daring.
8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may, in time, be forgiven, but he who taxieth into another plane will be dispised forever.
9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is no health in him; verily, I say unto you, his days are numbered.
10. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructor in the same wise, one like unto another, with witty jest and confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking offense at naught that has been said.
11. As a postage stamp which lacketh its glue, so are the words of caution to a fool; they stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.
12. My son, hearken unto my teaching and forsake not the laws of prudence, for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.
13. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not; thus wilt thou fly safely; length of days and a life of peace shall be added unto thee.
14. He who sitteth on a hot stove shall jumpest very quick.

HOW TO FLY A JENNY
by San Stitues

1. INSPECTION: It is best not to inspect this ship. If you do, you will never get in it.
2. CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT: Do not attempt to enter the cockpit in the usual way. If you put your weight on the lower wing panel, it will fall off, and, besides, your feet will go through the wing, probably spraining your ankle. The best way to get into the cockpit is to climb over the tail surfaces and crawl up the turtle-deck. Be sure to brush the squirrel and gopher nests out of the seat. Take care not to cut your hand on the remnants of the windshield.
3. INSTRUMENTS: After having carefully lowered yourself into the seat and groped in vain for a safety belt, take a good look at the instruments - both of them. The one on the right is a tachometer. It doesn't work. The other one is an altimeter and functioned perfectly until 1918 when the hand came off. Look at them now, for after the engine starts you can't see them.
4. STARTING THE MOTOR: The switch is on the right. It isn't connected. However, it gives a sense of confidence to the mechanic who is pulling the prop through to hear the switch click when you say "switch off". If for some reason the motor does start, don't get out to pick up the unconscious and bleeding mechanic. He deserved it.
5. WARMING UP: Don't warm up the motor. It will only run a few minutes anyway, and the longer it is run on the ground the less flying time you have. After the throttle is opened, do not expose any portion of your person beyond the cowlings. It is no fun to have your face slapped by a flying rocker arm or to be peppered by small bits of piston rings, valves, etc., that are continually coming out of what were once exhaust stacks.
6. THE TAKE-OFF: The take-off is in direct defiance of all the laws of nature. If you have a passenger, don't try it.
7. THE FLIGHT: After you have dogged through the trees, windmills and chimneys until you are over the lake, you will see a large hole in the left side of the fuselage. This hole is to allow the stick to be moved far enough to make a left turn. Don't try one to the right.
8. THE LANDING: The landing is made in accordance with the laws of gravity. If the landing gear doesn't collapse on the first bounce, don't worry, it will on the second. After you have extricated yourself from the wreckage and helped the spectators put out the fire, light a cigarette and with a nonchalant shrug, walk (don't run) disdainfully away.

THE SPORTSMAN PILOT - 15 March 1935

"OH NOW I AM A KAYDETTE"
(Tune - "The Infantry")

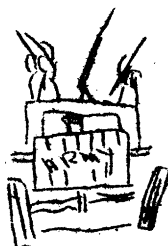
I was lying in the gutter
All covered up with beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers;
I knew my end was near.
Then came the glorious army
And saved me from the hearse.
Now everybody strain a gut and sing the second verse.

CHORUS:

Halleluyah! Halleluyah!
Put a nickel on the drum
Take a quarter on the run.
Halleluyah! Halleluyah!
Put a nickel on the drum,
And you'll be saved.

G-L-O-R-Y I am S-A-V-E-D
H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-E-E
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y in the ways of S-I-N
Glory - Glory Halleluyah! Tra-la-la, Amen.

Oh, now I am a Kaydette,
A-learnin' how to fly.
My glorious salvation
Shall lift me to the sky.
The Army is my saviour
From the straight and narrow way.
And take it all away.



ARMY AIR CORPS

(Words by Clara Carroll)

(Tune - "On Wisconsin")

Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line
Turn them over, check the motor, have them start on time.
Don't delay there, taxi away there, watch and follow thru.
Let's go, boys, the ships are waiting, lift them to the blue.

Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line,
Jazz the Navy, pass the doughboys, soar above that kind.
Ships are humming, wires are strumming, lift them to the blue.
Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, show what you can do.

All together we will weather days of rain or shine,
Then away, men, pave the way, men, far above the line.
Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, hold your standards true.
Coilings high, or low and stormy, keep them coming thru.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.
Old soldiers never die; they just fade away.

Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy.
Old sailors never buy; they just sail away.

Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly.
Old pilots never fly; they just draw their pay.

MOTHER, TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother, take down your service flag
Your son's in the S.O.S.
He's S. O. I., but what the hell.
He never suffered loss.
He may be thin, but that's from gin,
Or else I miss my guess;
So, Mother, take down your service flag;
Your son's in the S. O. S.

Mother, put out your golden star;
Your son's going up in a sop.
The win'gs are weak, the ship's a freak;
She's got a rickety prop.
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk;
He's sure to take a flop;
So, Mother, put out your golden star;
Your son's going up in the sop.

(Reprinted from the Daedalian Song Book)

SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

Sing hallelujah for maneuvers.
For maneuvers we're on our way.
Now don't be grieving, 'cause we're leaving;
We'll be back the first of May.
Good times lie before us, not that you bore us,
But we like to get away.
Sing hallelujah for maneuvers.
For maneuvers we're on our way.

SHANTY AT OLD KELLY FIELD

It's only a shanty at old Kelly Field.
The roof is half off, the sky is revealed.
The noise from the planes,
It will drive you insane,
And your neighbors cooking you smell very plain.
The ants and the roaches, they give you night-mares,
And the roads are all lighted by aeroplane flares,
But I'd always go back to that old G.I. shack,
My shanty at old Kelly Field.

I'm only a student in the CGS school,
Attack, not defense is the general rule.
We have horses to ride.
Dumb generals to guide,
Till you get so sore, you're fit to be tied.
There are rivers to cross and forts to attack.
If I ever get through, I don't want to come back,
'Cause they gave me a nag
For the live hunt and drag
At the old C and GS school.

I'm only a student at the tactical school.
Proper use of the airplane is our general rule.
The instructors, they rant, and the students, they pant,
But of old General A we don't get the right slant.
Attack, Observation or the Pursuit, too,
Say there's not a thing that the Air Force can't do,
But if you finish this course,
You must ride an old horse
At the Air Corps Tactical School.

(Reprinted from the Deadalian Song Book)

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM!
(How do you get that way?)

Words by
Sgt. Jack W. Alford

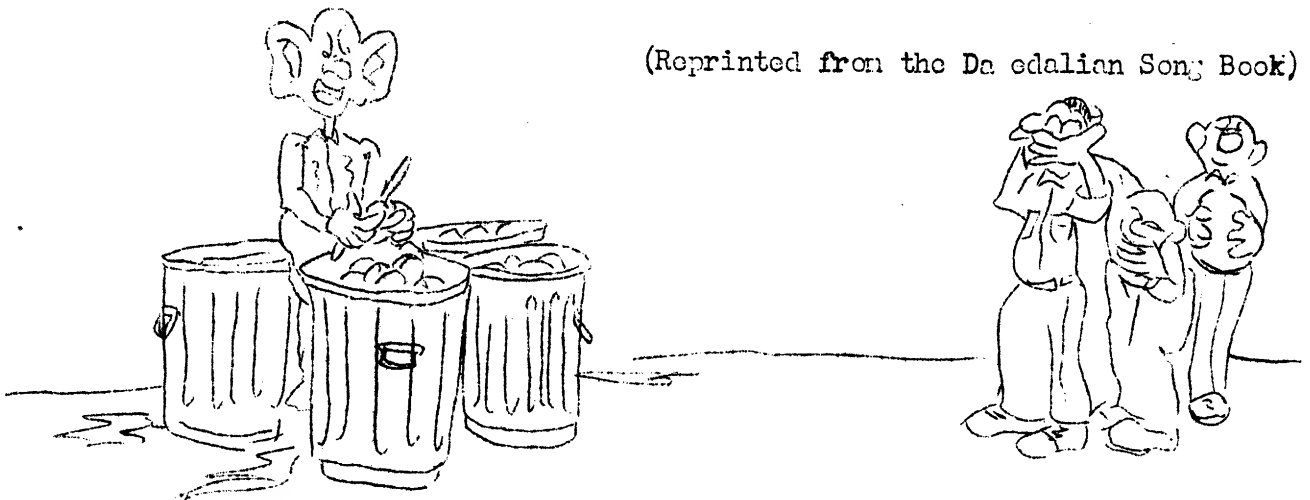
Music by
Lt. L.M. Harrington

1. I heard they wanted me to fight as aviators bold;
So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky."
When I got there, I was S.O.L., for this is how I fly:
2. I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game
I've swung a pick and shovel, till my weary back is lame.
I've navigated lots of ground, but not an inch of sky,
And when I asked about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry:

CHORUS:

"Look at the ears on him, on him;
"Oh, how do you get that way."
That was the greeting I received
As I marched in today.
First, they put me into the kitchen;
K.P. was my name.
I wrote my girl that I was a flier,
Gee! But I'm a wonderful liar.
"Look at the ears on him, on him;
"Oh, how do you get that way?"
That is the only battle cry
I hear both night and day.
If I'm to fight in this great war,
And end the Kaiser's reign,
They better take my kettles and pans,
And give me an aeroplane.

(Reprinted from the Daedalian Song Book)



COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS
(Words by Madeliene Smith, E.H. DeFord, Roland Birn)

Come on and join the Air Corps
And get your flying pay.
You won't have to work at all,
But loaf around all day.
While others toil and study hard,
And soon grow old and blind,
You take the Air without a care,
And never, never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind.
Come on and join the Air Corps,
And you will never mind.

Our pilots do a lot of stunts,
And do them well, of course,
And if you think that isn't hard,
Just try to loop a horse.
But just when you're about to be
A General, you find
Your motors cough, your wings fall off,
But you will never mind!

Your're flying o'er the ocean,
And then, from where you sit,
You see your prop come to a stop,
Your engine it has quit.
You cannot swim, the ship won't float,
The shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish,
But you will never mind!



(Reprinted from the Daedalian Song Book)



EIGHT BUCKS A DAY
(Words by H. S. Hansell, Jr.)

Open the throttle till the needle hits the peg.
Eight bucks a day; eight bucks a day.
Dive and roll and loop 'er till she's wingless as a kog.
Eight bucks a day is the pay.
Close the gate, lock the door,
'Cause we won't come back to Langley any more.
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay.
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

HI HI UP SHE RISES

What you gonna do with a drunken pilot?
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot?
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot?
Early in the morning?

Hi, Hi, up she rises.
Hi, Hi, up she rises.
Hi, Hi, up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber.
Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber.
Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber,
Early in the morning.

Hi, Hi, up she rises.
Hi, Hi, up she rises.
Hi, Hi, up she rises,
Early in the morning.

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
Take me back to the ground;
I don't want to fly upside down.
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!
I want to go home.

(Reprinted from the Daedalian Song Book)

OVER LAND AND OVER SEA
(Song of the American Air Force)

Lyric by
Evelyn O de Seversky

Music by
Alexander P. de Seversky

Rise and drink to aviation,
Let us hold our glasses high,
To the glory of our nation,
And the fighting men who fly.
For whatever is the weather,
And wherever we may be,
We, united, fly together,
Over land and over sea.

Bomber, transport, aircraft fighter,
Observation and pursuit,
Drink her down to glory brighter,
Join your glasses in salute.
Yes, tomorrow planes are soaring,
And the wind is blowing free,
Wings are spread and engines roaring,
Over land and over sea.

Clear your guns and get them ready,
Check the load in each bomb rack,
Keep formation, hold her steady,
Diving steeply for attack.
Let the bullets tell their story,
Fly her on to victory,
Death comes quickly, so does glory,
Over land and over sea.

Danger lurks above forever,
First defense is in the sky;
First in war, in peace and over
Are the fighting men who fly.
Can't you see our squadrons soaring,
To repulse the enemy?
Can't you hear our engines roaring,
Over land and over sea?

(Reprinted from the Daedalian Song Book)



THE STUDENT'S SONG

(Air Corps Tactical School)

(Tune - "I am a Gay Caballero")

Words by
H. S. Hansell, Jr
K. M. Walker

I am a gay studentay
Although I'm not so calientay.
I'm taking this course
On the back of a horse;
With horses the troubles are plantay.

The instructors are very zealous,
Take ideas from anyone ellus,
But on nap problem test,
They thing theirs are the best,
Relegate your ideas to the shelluf.

Now I am a fair navigator
With Gnomonic chart or Mercator.
But I would get there
With hours to spare
If rivers and railroads were straighter.

In infantry I've great crudition,
Can attach or defend a position,
But when to do which?
Now there is the hitch;
I never hit the school's solution!

Let's all drink a toast to Artillery,
They always park near a distillery,
And all that they ask
Is that we "clean the mask"
Which we do if the ground's not to hillery.

Alas! for Attack Aviation
They'll never dare leave their home station,
For the big three-inch gun
Shoots them down one by one
At zero or less elevation.

I am a gay bombardiero;
I drop my bombs far-o and near-o,
And with this basic arm
Keep the nation from harm,
Or so I've been led to believe-o.

Now radio is emblematic
Of messages wrong and erratic.
If the Air Force C. O.
Uses a radio,
The war will be ended by static.

Now, so far the school is all jake-o
But we've other courses to take-o;
So this is my plea,
If you'll listen to me,
Just let up on us for God's sake-o.

(Words by H. S. Hansell, Jr.)

1. There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron,
And they didn't have room for more.
The first ninety-six were of new construction,
But the last was a D.H. 4.
2. She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten,
And the wings were warped and bent,
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture,
A cow that was quite content.
3. She was old ninety-seven, and she had a fine record,
But she hadn't been flown that year,
And she creaked and groaned when they started the engine,
For she knew that her time was near.
4. A Second Lieutenant wandered into the office,
And he asked for a ship for two,
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes,
But we'll see what we can do."
5. "Now, the first forty-seven are reserved for the Majors,
And the Captains have the next forty-nine,
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron,
The last ship upon the line."
6. He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus,
And he had to make that flight;
So he said, "O.K., if you'll give me a clearance,
I will get there some time tonight."
7. Oh, he flew over Birmingham and North Alabama,
And the ceiling began to fall,
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,
And he couldn't see the ground at all.
8. He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm,
And he turned back to the right,
And he turned around; the fog was behind him,
And the mountains were all in sight.
9. He flew through rain, and he flew through the snow storm,
Till the light began to fail;
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction,
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."
10. He flew down the valley, and he dodged 'round the mountains,
And he kept that road in sight,
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains,
And he ended his last long flight.
11. There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain,
And her wheels upon the track,
And the throttle was bent in the forward position,
But the engine was facing back.
12. L-a-d-i-e-s, listen to my story.
No matter how you yearn,
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband;
He may leave you and never return.

(Reprinted from the Doodolian Song Book)

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters;
The walls around are here;
They echo back our laughter;
Seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS:

Stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a health to the dead already,
Hurrah! for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear.
The good have all gone before us,
And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight,
We spin in the silver dawn.
With a trail of smoke behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Canal
With wings of wood and steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

(Reprinted from the Daidalian Song Book)



TO CADETS WHO FAILED AT KELLY

BY

S/Sgt Don S. Velliquette, 19th Pur Sq
(Int)

'Twas out on Kelly Field airdrome
One cold December day,
Beside a cracked-up D.H. 4
A dying Kaydet lay.

"Tell my sweetheart in San Antonio
My time on earth has passed;
I'm going to take another hop,
And that will be my last."

"I'm off for a better field," he said,
"Where everything is bright;
You can fly any aeroplane;
You can fly all day and night."

"At this field they will not ground me,
Although I have not tried before,
I will fly the Spads and Nieuports
And lay off the D.H. 4s."

"At this field they have no flying schedules;
They don't tell you where to turn.
The Flight Commander doesn't care
How much gas you burn."

"You can Chandelle on the take-off,
Fish-tail when you land,
Stunt a Keystone Bomber
If you only have the sand."

"You can roll and spin a B-18,
No one will ever tell,
And tell the O.I.C. of flying,
To send his rules to hell."

His eyelids dropped; his head fell back,
As he said his last refrain.
The other Kaydet wiped his goggles
And took the air again.

THE SECRET OF THE AIRPLANE

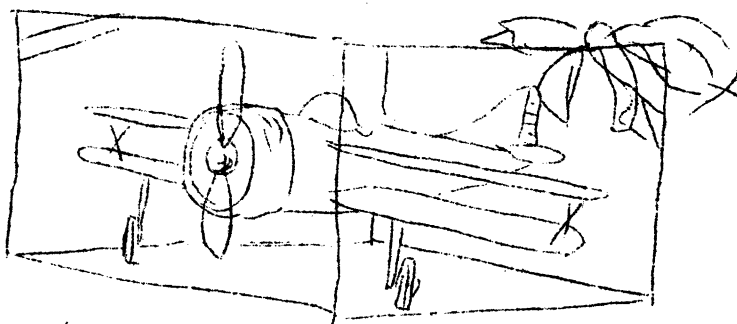
(This poem is Sir Rudyard Kipling's "The Secret of the Machines" with slight changes in wording to make it fit this book, not to attempt to improve on the "master".)

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine.
We were melted in the furnace and the pit...
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design;
We were cut and filed and toolled and gauged to fit.
Some water, oil and gas is all we ask
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play,
And if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can fly and loop and roll and spin and stall;
We can shoot and bomb and spray and spy and chase;
We can climb and glide and buzz and jazz and haul;
We can zoom and roar and dive and screen and race!

But remember, please, the law by which we live.
We are not built to comprehend a lie.
We can neither love, nor pity, nor forgive.
If you make a slip in handling us, you die!
We are greater than the peoples or the kings...
Be humble as you rise above the sod!
Our touch can alter all created things;
We are everything on earthexcept a God!

Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because, for all our power and weight and size,
We are nothing more than children of your brain!



A GIFT,
AS GOOD AS
YOUR ABILITY

The following are a few of the songs and poems which survived the Korean Action. All, as presented here, are the property of Technical Sergeant "Sandy" Colton, formerly with the Office of Information Services, 18th Fighter Bomber Wing, Korea, from 1950 to 1951, and now a Staff Photographer with the Pacific Stars and Stripes in Tokyo. We are reprinting them with his permission, and it is expected most will appear more familiar to the present "bird-men" of the 18th.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

They sent me up to Pyongyang,
The brief said sukoshi ack ack.
But, by the time I got there,
My wings were holed with flak.

My aircraft went into a spin,
It would no longer fly.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday,
I am too young to die.

CHORUS:

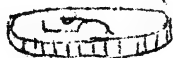
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass.
Save a fighter pilot's ____.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I flew my traffic pattern,
To me it looked all right.
My air speed read 150.
My God, I raked it tight.

I turned into the final,
With a window makers breeze.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday,
Spin instructions, please.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass.
Save a fighter pilot's ____.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.



(Addendum to 'Throw A Nickel on the Grass')

Strafing on the panel
My passes were too low.
'Foul!,' cried the tower,
Once more, and home you go.

I racked it off the desert,
That Mustang hit a stall.
Now I won't see my Mother,
When the work's all done this fall.

CHORUS:

Cruisin' down the valley,
Six MIGS were below
Leader gave a wiggle
And hollered 'Tally-ho!.'

So we rolled those Mustangs over,
And hit 550 per...
'Red-line! Red-line! Red-line!'
'Oh, save me, Major, Sir.'

Got two big flak holes in my wing,
My tanks ain't got gass.
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!
Three MIGS on my a--.

CHORUS:

Cruisin' down the Yalu
Doing 320 per...
Gave a call to Major Colson,
'Won't you save me, Sir?'

-From Captain Joseph Burke,
67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

EARLY ABORT

My name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the Group.
If you'll step into my Ready Room, I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the targets are and where the flak is black,
For I'm the first one off the deck, and I'm the first one back.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Oh, the raggedy-_____ Black Sheep are on parade, parade, parade.
Oh, the raggedy-_____ Black Sheep are on parade.

Now, when the war is over and we're back in the USA,
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the General says.
But, if we have another war and they give us the '84,
To hell with all the General Staffs, I ain't gonna fly it no more.

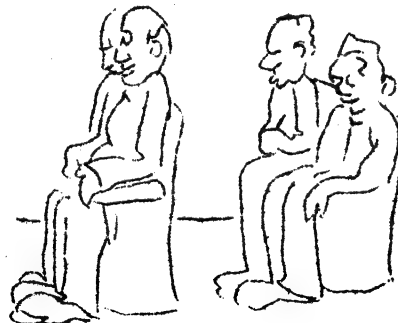
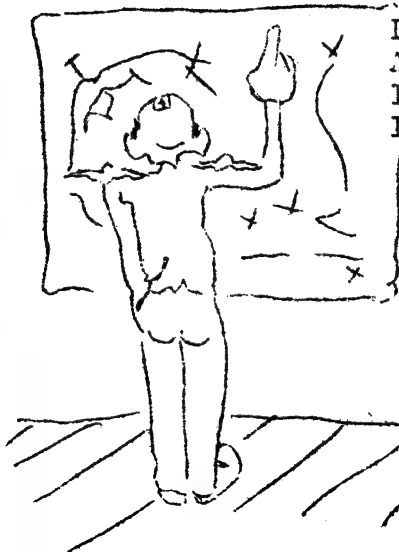
CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Oh, the raggedy-_____ Black Sheep are on parade, parade, parade,
Oh, the raggedy-_____ Black Sheep are on parade.

Tune - "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"

Take me out to Korea,
Send me off to the war,
Give me a briefing and watch me go,
I ain't scared of the bullets or snow.

Let me cover Walker's Eighth Army,
And expert Ned Almond's Corps,
I'm a cinch for the Pulitzer Prize,
In this goddam war.



"THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES"

Thanks for the memory,
Of Taegu's downy beds,
Air-conditioned heads,
Briefing maps and interviews,
And infiltrating Reds!
Oh, thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory,
A balmy summer breeze,
Snipers in the trees,
Ice and snow at ten below,
And man-devouring fleas!
Oh, thank you so much.

Wasn't it grand down at Pusan?
And wasn't it swell up at Unsan?
And aren't we a fine bunch of crackpots...
To come this far for this goddamn war?

So, thanks for the memories,
Of mines along the shore,
Night soil evermore,
There never was a headache,
Like this bloody Korean war.
Oh, thank you so much!

"WINTER WONDERLAND"

It was hot when the cooks came,
Then it froze when the Chinks came.
A helluva sight; Korea in white,
In our lousy Winter Wonderland.

We were pinned down, down at Masan.
We were held up, up at Wonsan.
A helluva fight; we never were right.
In Korea's Winter Wonderland.

CHORUS:

Kim Il Sung was seeking a promotion,
Had us locked within the Nakdong bend.
Then MacArthur had a better notion,
Ran Ned Almond clear around the end.

What a break; it was clover,
And the war was nearly over.
It looked like a breeze, until the Chinese
Smacked us in our Winter Wonderland.

KOREAN
WAR

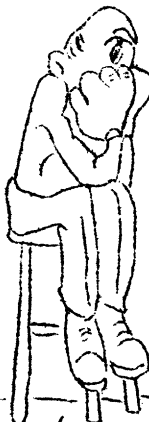
blood

Headaches

SNIPERS

REDS

MAPS



MUSTANG'S LAMENT

I'm only a lowly Mustang.
There are many virtues I lack.
I don't have the grace of an '80
And my wings are not swept back.

I'm away from home in Korea;
A misplaced bastard at best--
For according to Hoyle and the "News Hawks"
My bolts should be laid to rest.

"The jets are the hope of the future",
The newspaper headline cries.
They won't waste a two-inch insert
When a Mustang pilot dies.

But I can't understand the clamor,
That roars o'er Korea land,
When enemy tanks are sighted
Or the Commies make a stand.

I never hear the word "Sabre"
Or "Shooting Star" called in the hue.
It's always the same old story -
"Get those Mustangs into the blue".

I think perhaps part of the answer,
And I'm sure you know what I mean,
Lies in the fact that my pilots
Never learned the work "Josephine"¹.

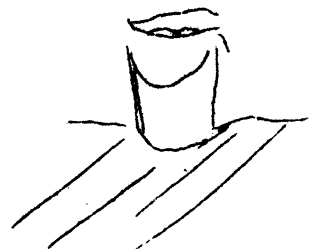
But by far the lowest blow came -
Broke my Packard² heart in two--
Was the day I staggered from '16³
Carrying napalm to Sinanju.

"Jets strike the enemy's airfields",
The papers screamed the next day.
They must have left ere I got there,
Is the only thing I can say.

There was hardly a building a-smoking;
The flak was heavy and true.
'Twas the only day I ever wished
To be smaller a foot or two.

But the heaviest blow came later.
'Twas the day I wished to have dies.
I was sold out by the "world's greatest pilot",
Also known as Colonel McBride⁴.

1. Josephine - low on, as in Josephine Arno or Josephine fuel.
2. The F-51 Mustang has a Packard engine.
3. '16 - K-16 airstrip in Korea
4. Colonel McBride was the C.O. of the 18th Fighter Bomber Group.



HAYNES NORRIS SPECIAL

Haynes Norris went out to his Jet,
Ninety-nine missions and no abort yet,
He looked at the forms and said with a sigh,
Malfunctions galore and I bet it won't fly.

Sayanora, it's been good to know you,
Sayanora, it's been good to know you,
Sayanora, it's been good to know you,
What a long long time since I've been home.
One more missions and I'm going home.

He started her up with no visual check.
Tail cover was on and he burned it to heck.
The temperature soared to a thousand or more.
My, he was rough on that F-84.

CHORUS:

The emergency system it just did not work.
He kicked it in with a helluva jerk.
The fire warning light began to gleam,
Ripped open the tail pipe from seam to seam.

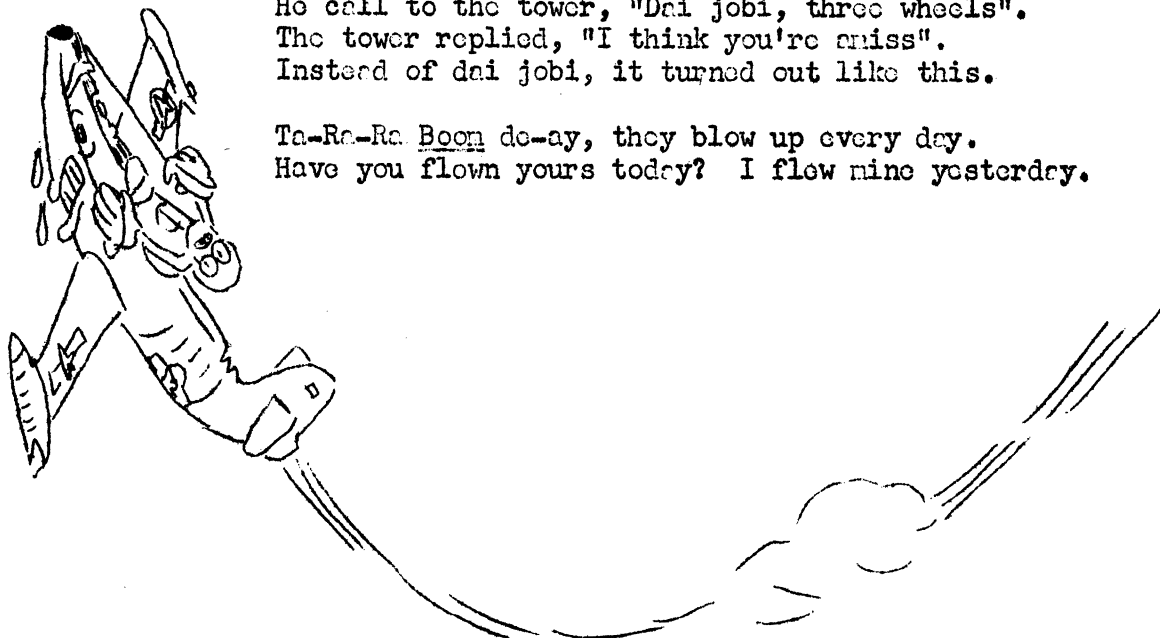
CHORUS:

Up north of the bomb line this '84 clown,
Pipped off his bombs though his flaps were still down.
He headed back home, an old combat vet.
100 missions and no abort yet.

CHORUS:

He turned on the final and zilch were his skills.
He call to the tower, "Dai jobi, three wheels".
The tower replied, "I think you're amiss".
Instead of dai jobi, it turned out like this.

Ta-Ra-Ra Boon de-ay, they blow up every day.
Have you flown yours today? I flew mine yesterday.



THE F-84

(This line unknown)

Boys of the black sheep in Thunderjets go,
None of our guys are looking for fame
Just little moths going into a flame.

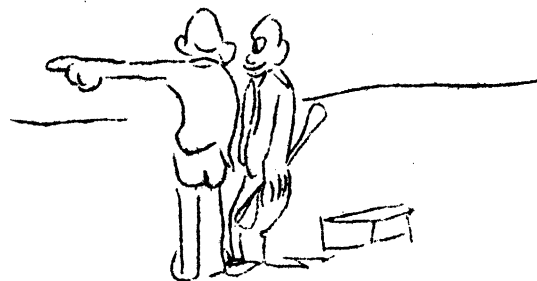
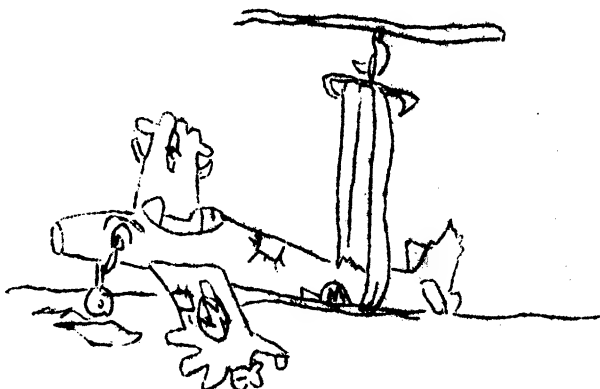
Oh that F-84, that _____, oh that F-84,
With 100% she wont even fly,
The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die.
Oh that F-84, that _____, oh that F-84.

I lost my engine o'er Sinanju one day,
I called to the group but they'd all flown away.
Left to the mercy of fighters and flack.
I'm telling you boys, it's a wonder I'm back.

Oh that F-84, that _____, Oh that F-84.
With 100%, she wont even fly.
The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die.
Oh that F-84, that _____, oh that F-84.

Majors and Colonels have milk runs to fly.
None of the missions where many men die.
Just at the time they're leaving the sack,
We've dropped all our bombs and are on our way back.

Oh that F-84, that _____, oh that F-84,
With 100%, she wont even fly.
The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die.
Oh that F-84, that _____, oh that F-84.

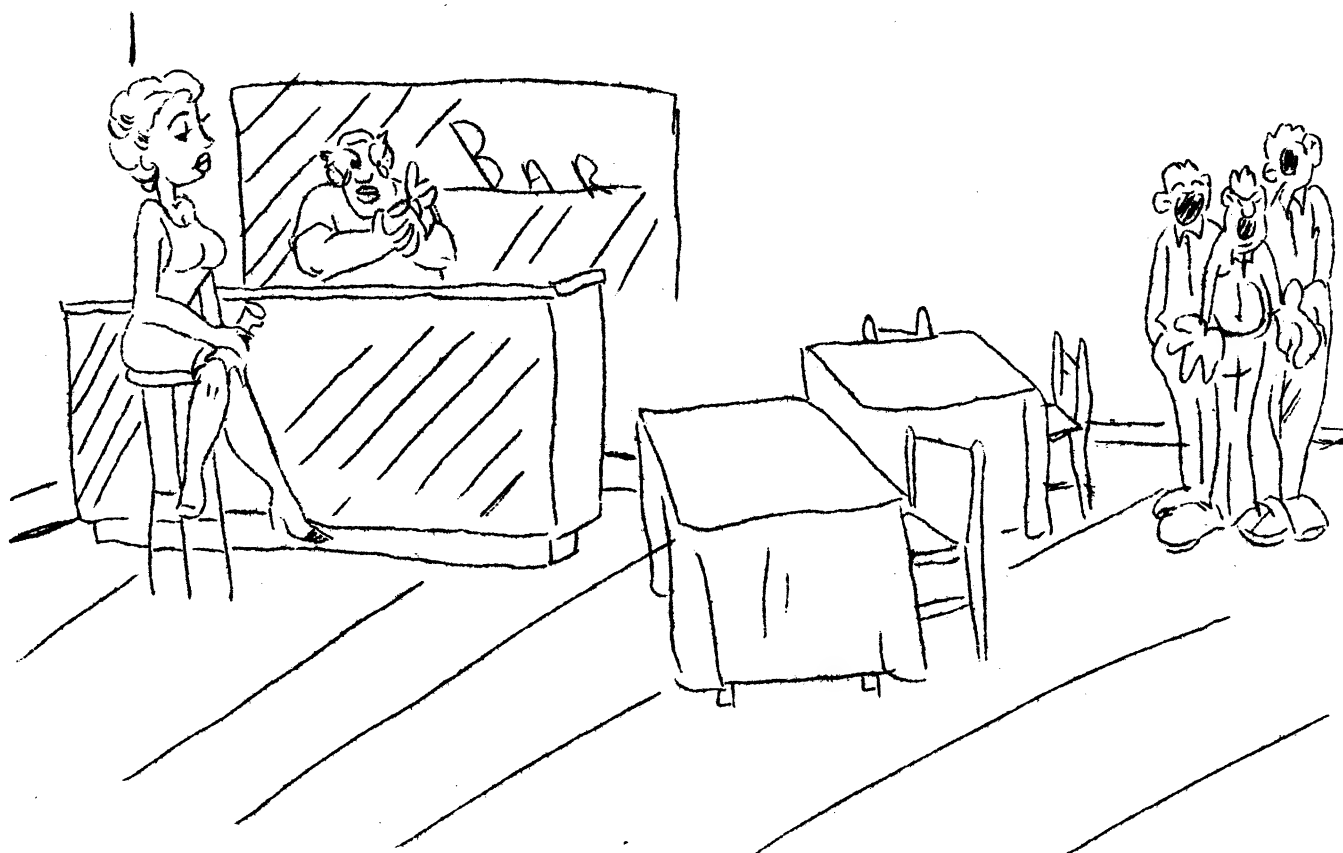


THE WHIFFENPOOFS

To the tables down at Moony's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old templed bar we love so well.
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled,
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their voices cast a spell.

Yes, the magic of their singing,
Of the songs we love so well,
Shall be waiting and carousing and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall end,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way
Baa, Baa, Baa.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
Lord, have mercy on such as we,
Baa, Baa, Baa.



TRUCKBUSTER'S SONG

(67th Fighter-Bomber Squadron parody of 'Whiffenpoof Song.')

Busting trucks along the Yalu,
Blasting tanks along the Line,
It's the Mustang, mighty Mustang, every time.
We're the men who fly those Mustangs,
We're the Red Scarfs, and we're proud.
Sixty-seventh, head and shoulders o'er the crowd.
When those engines roar at daybreak,
Every crew chief on the Line
Holds his head high as those Mustangs start to climb.
So we'll drink a toast to 'Red Scarfs,'
And our life and love shall last,
We'll not pass nor be forgotten like the rest.

CHORUS:

We are old fighter pilots and we're here to stay,
And fly, fly, fly.
Sixty-Seventh is the squadron that will always lead the way
(and we're always in the fray)
To fly, fly, fly.
Mustang pilots all, are we,
Fly any bird through Eternity.
So God have mercy on such as we,
Who fly, fly, fly.

-From Captain Joseph Burke,
67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

THE COMMIE'S LAMENT
Tune - "Clementine"

Once a flier do's or dies, in his faithful Sabre true,
After bitching, flew a mission to the town of Sinanju.
Still in flight, he saw some mighty Commie MIGs upon his tail.
With a quiver and a shiver, he let out an awful wail.

CHORUS:

Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, ah so desu
If you find me, never mind me; I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang went in bursting, just to see what he could do.
But alas, he made a pass, and that was all; they got him too.
Thought an '80: I'm so great, he'll never get a shot at me.
Wasn't gone long when his swan song sounded just like this to me.

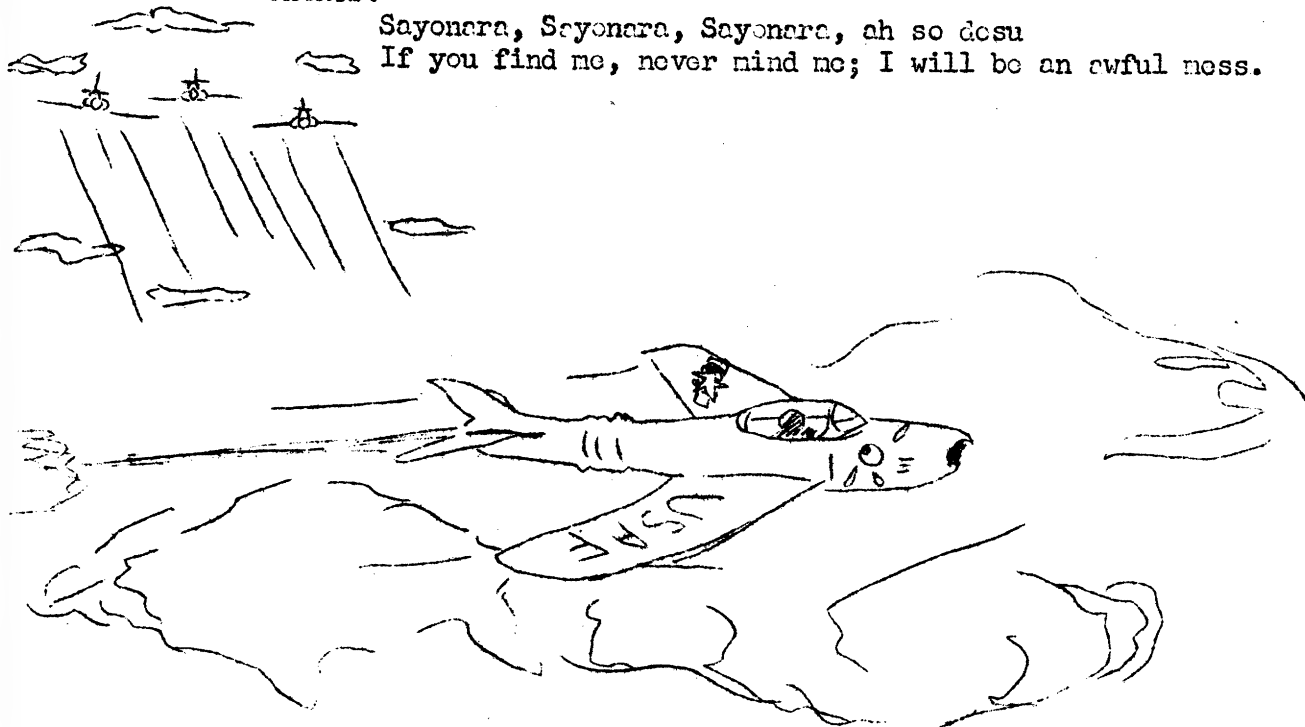
CHORUS:

Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, ah so desu
If you find me, never mind me; I will be an awful mess

Then a Thunderjet who hadn't blundered yet, thought he'd try it
alone.
Like a blotter, he hit the water, shook the hand of Davy Jones.
So the tally, in my alley, isn't quite like all the claims.
But as a fair course to the Air Force, we won't mention any names.

CHORUS:

Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, ah so desu
If you find me, never mind me; I will be an awful mess.



A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman,
Is like a boat without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder,
Like a kite without a tail.

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand.
But one thing worse in the universe,
It's a woman - I said a woman,
I mean, a woman without a man.

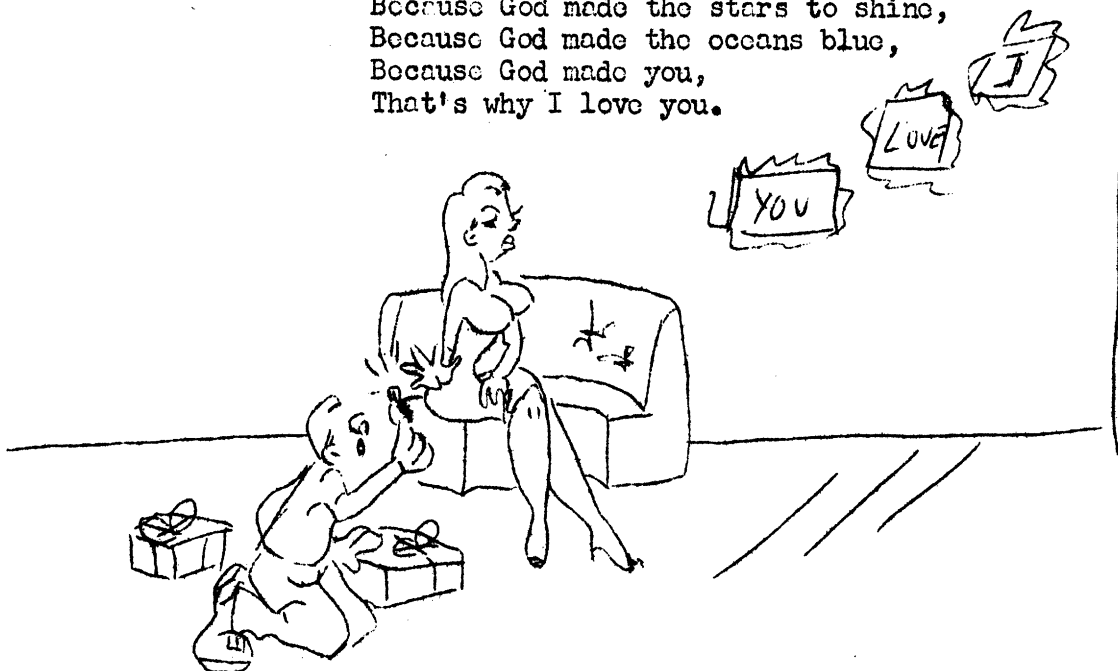
For you can roll a silver dollar
Across the barroom floor.
It will roll, because it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turn him down.

Now Honey, listen; Now Honey, listen to me.
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
While a woman goes from man to man.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the ivy twines.
Tell me why the stars do shine.
Tell me why the ocean's blue.
I'll tell you why,
It's because I love you.

Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the oceans blue,
Because God made you,
That's why I love you.



THE BLUES OF CHINHAЕ
Tune - "The Blues in the Night"

From Chinhae to Pyongyang,
From Tagueu to Seoul,
Wherever our Mustangs go,
I've dropped me some napalm.
I've fired me six rockets,
But there is one thing I know,
The Chinese are two-faced .
A worrisome thing who'll
Leave you to sing,
The Blues of Chinhae.

CHORUS:

Hear the Flak a-blown'
See the MIG's a-goin'
WILKWEST, I can't get my tanks off.
Well laddie, you've had it,
But there is one thing I know.
You can't do a thing
But sit here and sing
The Blues of Chinhae.

We call into Mellow,
We thinks we are yellow,
But on to the target we go.
The weather is stinkin',
But there is one thing I know,
The SO's can't do it.
They're bungling things
That leave you to sing
The Blues of Chinhae.

CHORUS:

Up and down the Yalu
Hear the pilots yelling - HEY YOU!
By order of MacArthur
We can't do a thing
But sit here and sing
The Blues of Chinhae.



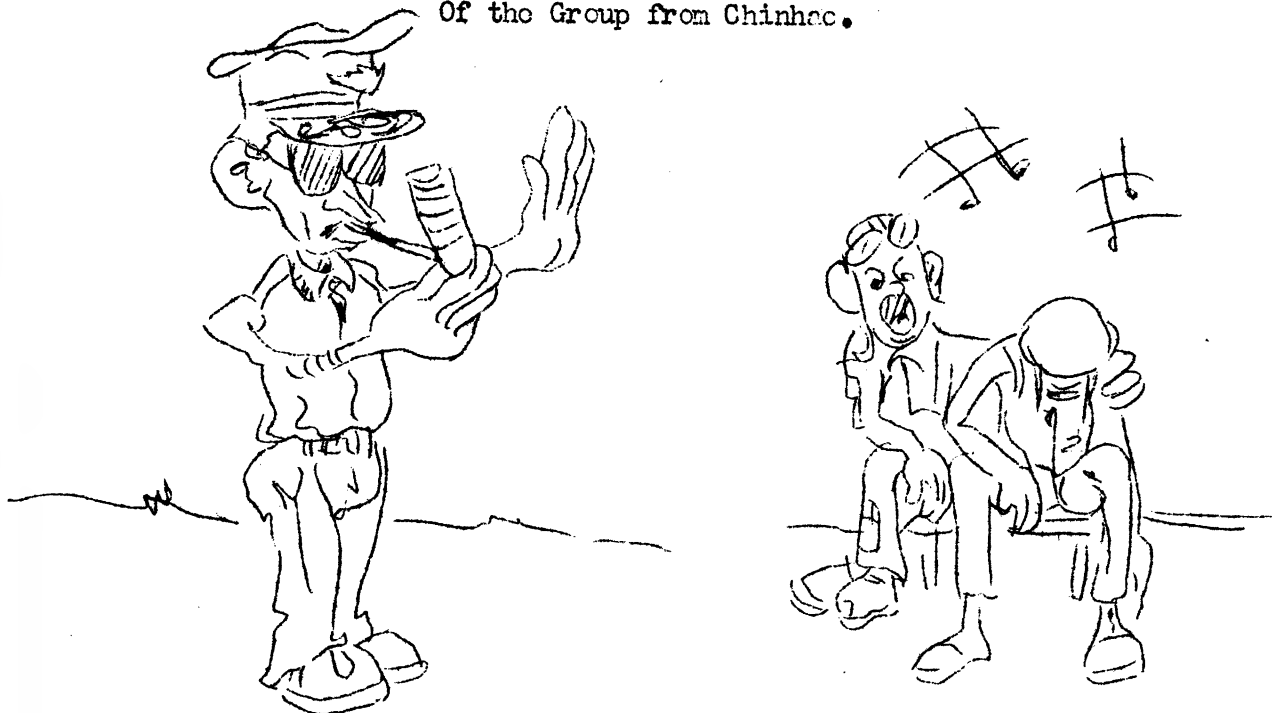
(Continued on next page)

We call a controller.
 He starts beating his molars.
 His answer is "Stand by Please".
 "I'm working some 84's.
 I do wish they'd carry more.
 They're only fanning the breeze.
 They'll be through in a minute
 Then you can come in
 And do the right thing
 For the Group from Chinhae."

CHORUS:

Coming down the Nak-tong,
 Pilots like to sing but one song.
 I've finished my missions,
 Now let me go fishing.
 But the first thin he does
 Is come in to buzz
 The strip at Chinhae.

Now this ends my story
 Of Fame and of Glory.
 Together we've known hectic days.
 We've had many good laughs,
 The 18th and Sough AF's,
 For whom we have nothing but praise.
 Oh, I'm goin' to the ZI
 And tell one and all
 Of the deeds large and small
 Of the Group from Chinhae.



RESERVISTS' LAMENT

(Done to the tune of 'Cigareets, Whuskey, and Wild, Wild Wimmin')

I was a civilian, and flew on weekends,
No sweat about clanks, and no sign of the bends.
They call me a 'retread', as older I grow,
And they gave me a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS:

Sinaiju, and Anak, and Anju and Sarmak,
They'll drive you crazy,
They'll drive you insane.
Quad 50's and 40's and 100 sorties
They'll drive you ape-spit,
They'll drive you insane.

Oh' Once I was happy for I flew a jet,
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
But they sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train,
And gave me a Mustang, that sad aeroplane.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

So I strafed and I bombed and I shot air-to-air,
Then off to Korea I'm fouled up for fair.
I came to K-10 just to fly with the Group,
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

I flew my first mission and it was a snapp.
Just follow the leader and didn't look at my map.
But now I've got ninety and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed 'reccies,' and can't sleep at night.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

Went up to Mig Alley S-2 said "No sweat,"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet.
Six Migs jumped my fanny, the Leader yelled "Break!"
Sixty-one and 3,000 how my knees did shake.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

So if I live through a hundred and they ask for more,
I'll tell'em to shove it my backside's too sore.
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care,
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

-From Captain Joseph Bruke,
67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

Air Force Magazine, August 1956, featured several ditties which will no doubt be remembered by World War II airmen, and others which originated during the Korean Action or which evolved from songs written earlier. An example of the latter occurred when Army Air Force pilots in World War I penned and sung "Beside A Belgian Estaminet", to the tune of "The Dying Hobo". Our counterparts in World War II retained the music, but changed the title and words to conform with "Beneath A Bridge in Sicily". Sadness found its permanent home in the shorter Korean version entitled "Beside A Korean Waterfall", wherein the "Dying Hobo" still existed, but became the "Frozen Chosen" variety. Here again, we reprint for the use of all Air Force personnel.

"BESIDE A BELGIAN 'STAMINET"

Besides a Belgian 'staminot,
When the smoke had cleared away,
Beneath a busted Camel,
A fighter pilot lay.

His throat was cut by the bracing wire,
The tank had hit his head;
Coughing a spray of dental work,
These are the words that he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land-
They jazz there every night;
Bourbon grows on the bushes,
So everyone stays tight.

"They've torn up all the calendars,
They've busted all the clocks,
And little drops of whiskey,
Come trickling down the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few words
Before he passed away:
"Now let me tell you how it happened-
My flippers wouldn't stay,

"The engine wouldn't hit at all,
The struts were far too few;
A bullet hit the gas tank,
And the gas came leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where the engines always run,
Where egg-nogs grow on eggplants,
And the pilots grow a bun.

"They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads,
They've got no Flaming Fours;
And great big frosted juleps,
Are served free in all the stores."



"BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY"

Beneath a bridge in Sicily,
One cold and wintry day,
Beside a busted fighter plane,
Its former pilot lay.

His throat was cut by a bracing wire,
The gas tank had hit his head;
And he listened to these dying words,
His young observer said:

"We're going to a better land,
Where everything is bright;
Where money grows on bushes,
And you shack up every night.

"You never have to work at all,
Not even to change your socks;
And little drops of whiskey,
Come trickling down the rocks."

Then the pilot muttered a last few words,
Before he passed away;
"I'll tell you how it happened-
The propeller ran away.

"The engine wouldn't hit at all,
The gas was far too few;
Then a bullet hit the gas tank,
And the gas came leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where engines always run;
Where egg-nogs grow on eggplants,
And pilots grow a bun.

"They have no interceptors,
No Junkers thirty-four,
And great big frosted juleps
Are free in every store."

(Continued on next page)



The observer said to the pilot,
As heavenward they flew,
"Now, when we see Saint Peter,
I'll tell you what we'll do-

"We'll get ourselves some brand new wings,
And back to earth we'll fly;
And we'll haunt those lousy krauts,
Until the day they die.

"Oh, we're going to a better land,
We'll jazz there every night,
And the cocktails grow on bushes,
So every one stays tight.

"They've torn up all the calendars,
They've busted all the clocks,
And scotch and rye and bourbon
Come flowing down the rocks."



"BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL"

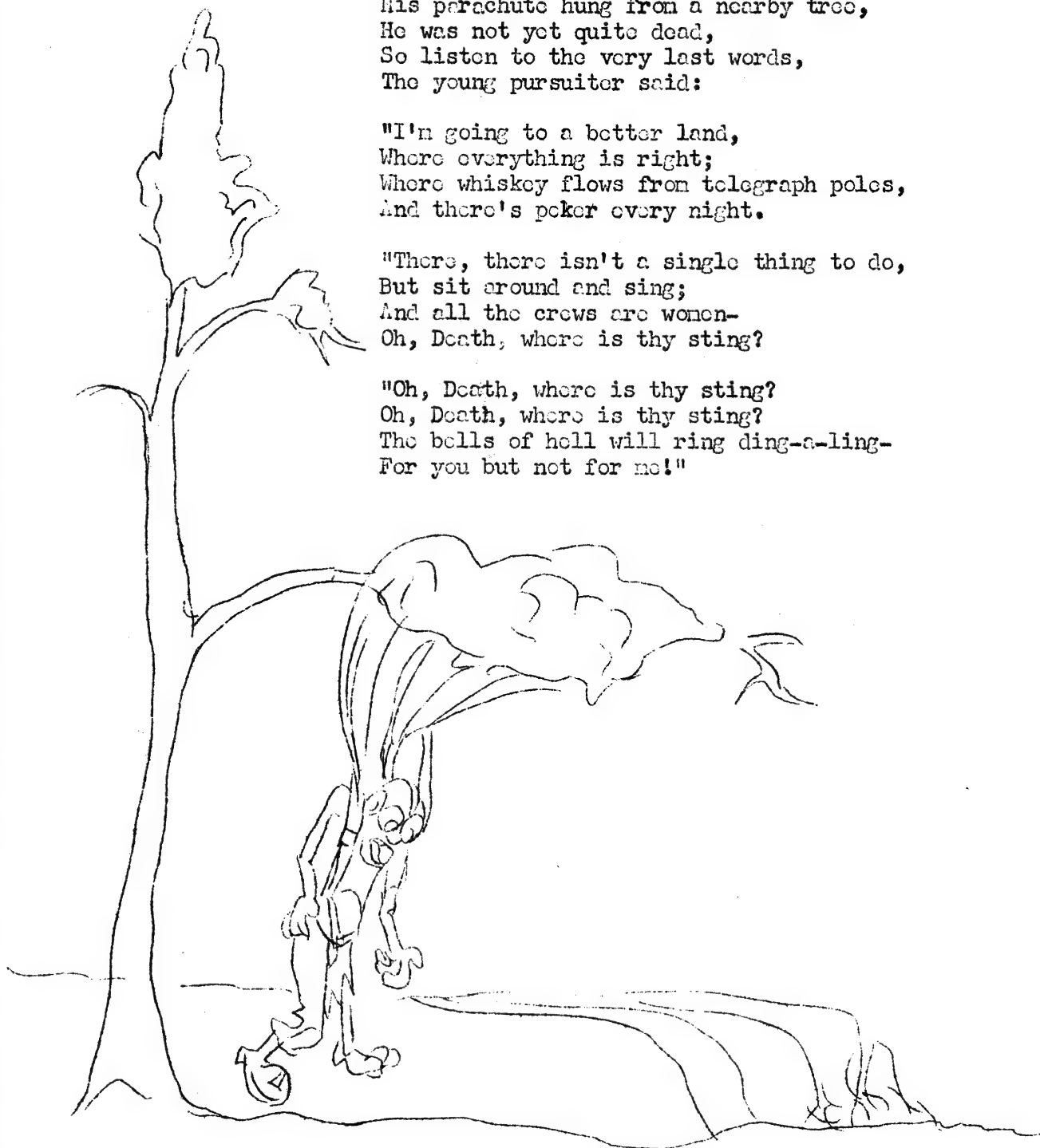
Beside a Korean waterfall,
One bright and sunny day,
Beside a shattered Sabre,
A young pursuiter lay.

His parachute hung from a nearby tree,
He was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words,
The young pursuiter said:

"I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is right;
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
And there's poker every night.

"There, there isn't a single thing to do,
But sit around and sing;
And all the crews are women-
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
The bells of hell will ring ding-a-ling-
For you but not for me!"



"CASEY JONES"

The following World War II ballad was the common property of B-17 crews of the Eight Air Force, and was sung to the tune of it's then-present name, "Casey Jones".

Now, come all you airmen if you want to hear,
The story of a brave aviator.
Casey Jones was the pilot's name,
On a big four engine, boys, he won his fame.

When they worked Casey up it was black as sin.
Operations told Casey that the target's Berlin.
Casey could tell by the lines on the map,
That this was gonna' be his final lap.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, lines on the map.
Casey Jones, his final lap.
Casey Jones, lines on the map-
Yes, this was gonna' be his final lap.

The major said, "Boys, there'll be some flak."
Casey could tell by this that he wouldn't be back;
He turned to his crew and this is what he said,
"We're gonna' make it to Berlin but we'll all be dead."

Casey walked into the drying room,
He hollered for his clothing with an awful boom,
The sergeant knew by the bastard's groans,
That the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, the man at the counter.
Casey Jones, by his moans and groans,
Casey Jones, the man at the counter-
Yes, the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

Casey took off and all he left was smoke.
He said, "I've got a present for the HELLHOUND VOLK.
They may get me but I'm here to tell,
There'll be a lot of Nazis down in hell."

(Continued on next page)

The formed up over Buncher twenty-eight.
Casey could tell they were gonna' be late.
He called up the leader over VHF,
Said, "We'd better hurry up or we'll all be left."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up.
Casey Jones, or we'll all be left.
Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up-
Yes, we'd better hurry up or we'll all be left.

Now Casey was flying in the diamond that day,
He said, "For the LUFTWAFFE I'll be easy prey.
There's gonna' be a decoration coming to me,
But it'll be the Purple Heart posthumously."

He took a burst of flak between three and four.
He yelled, "That's all, brother. There ain't any more."
They couldn't bail out so they rode her in.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, couldn't bail out.
Casey Jones, they rode her in.
Casey Jones, couldn't bail out-
No, they couldn't bail out so they rode her in.

Fireball leader called to Yellow Low.
Said, "See that awful sight down there below?"
Yellow said, "I'll bet you half a crown
That he landed on the gunner that shot him down."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, landed on the gunner.
Casey Jones, that shot him down!
Casey Jones, landed on the gunner-
Yes, he landed on the gunner that shot him down.

The boys were awful sad that evening in the club.
They seemed to think that someone had flubbed their dub.
The colonel said, "There'll be no more of this-
There's another crew waiting at the station in Diss."

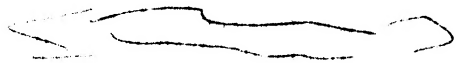
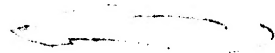
"THE SAGA OF THE SWEDE"
Tune - "Utah Carl"

Heavy bomber men also came up with "The Saga of the Swede", sung to the cowboy melody of "Utah Carl", which in the case of personnel at Kadena Air Base will be of interest only to certain selected personnel in ferrying supplies and in providing weak vocal competitive entertainment to the accompaniment of a samisen or Jew's Harp. (Editor's Note: This is no reflection necessarily upon other than fighter units using the same club facilities.)

We were going on a mission
And the Swede was on my right,
When the leader made a steep turn to the left.
Oh, the Swede he racked it over,
And he held it in there tight,
But he couldn't hold it there despite his heft.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him
As he fell off in a skid.
So I cut back my four throttles
To go back and help the kid.
It was too late when I got there,
He was going down in flame,
And it's lucky that I didn't get the same.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him,
And I say this heartfully,
If you will fly your missions
You must cut across your knee.
Now you all have heard my story,
It's the Saga of the Swede,
And you'll never make a steep turn
When you're flying in the lead.



"Down in the Valley" was the basis for the extremely popular "Down the Ruhr Valley" of World War II, and evolved into the Korean version of "K-14 Tower". Both are short and sweet, say little, but appear to have been concocted for fighter pilots signing off following the rendering of "Good Night, Ladies". With the same thought in mind, this unofficial publication signs off with these two shorties, and wishes you pleasant melodies.

"DOWN THE RUHR VALLEY"

Down the Ruhr Valley,
Valley so low,
Some chair-borne bastard,
Said we must go.

Flak loves big bombers,
Fighters do, too,
P-51 boys,
Where are you?

Write me a letter,
Send it to me,
Send it in care of,
Stalag Luft Three.

"K-14 TOWER"

K-14 tower,
I'm going in,
North of the airdrome,
Augering in.

Call out your crash trucks,
Your next wagon, too,
Call out the chaplain,
I'm feeling so blue.

Take heed, Junior Birdmen,
This tale of remorse,
An airplane can throw you,
As quick as a horse.

